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MOVING PICTURE STORIES

Culbreth

September 23, 1930
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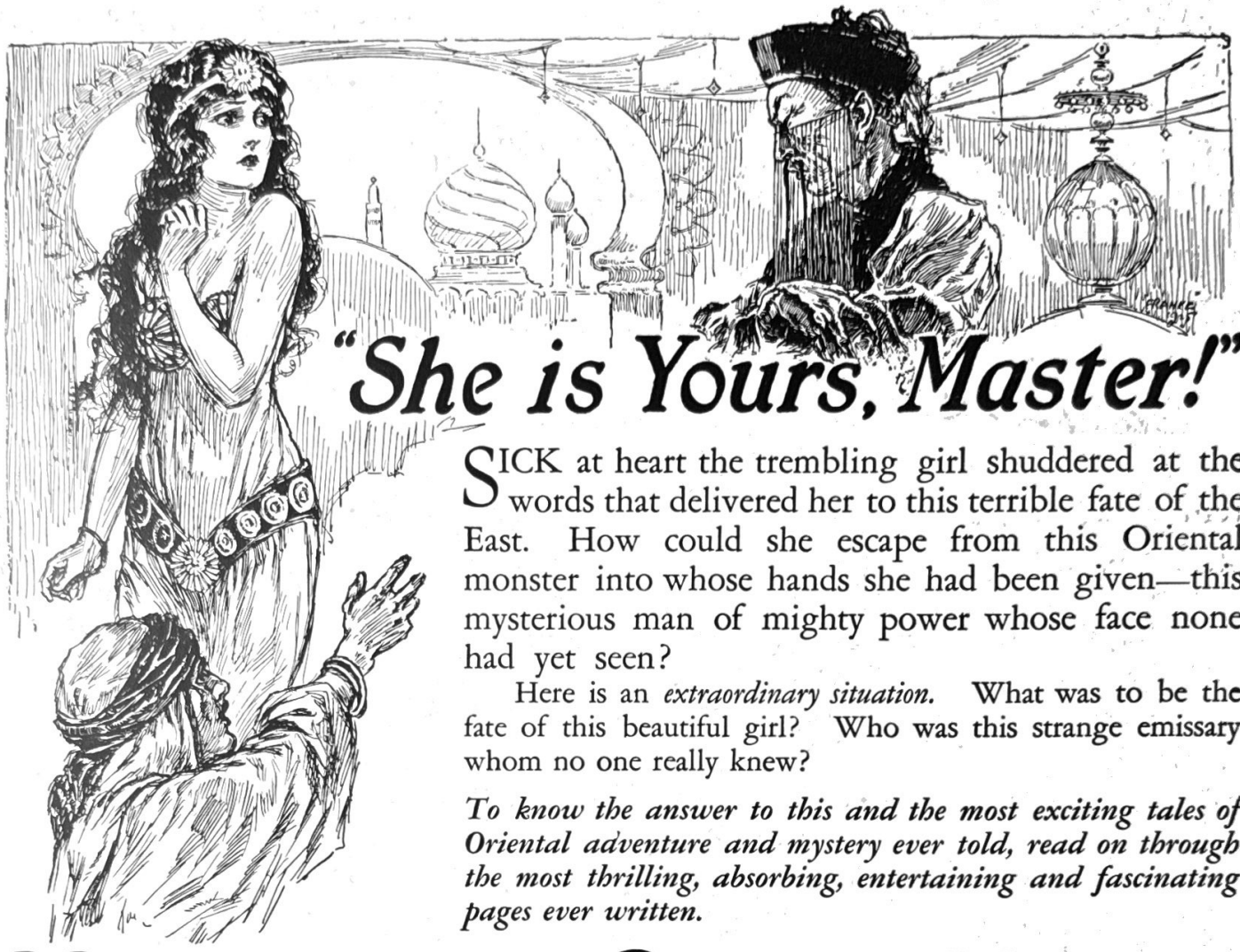

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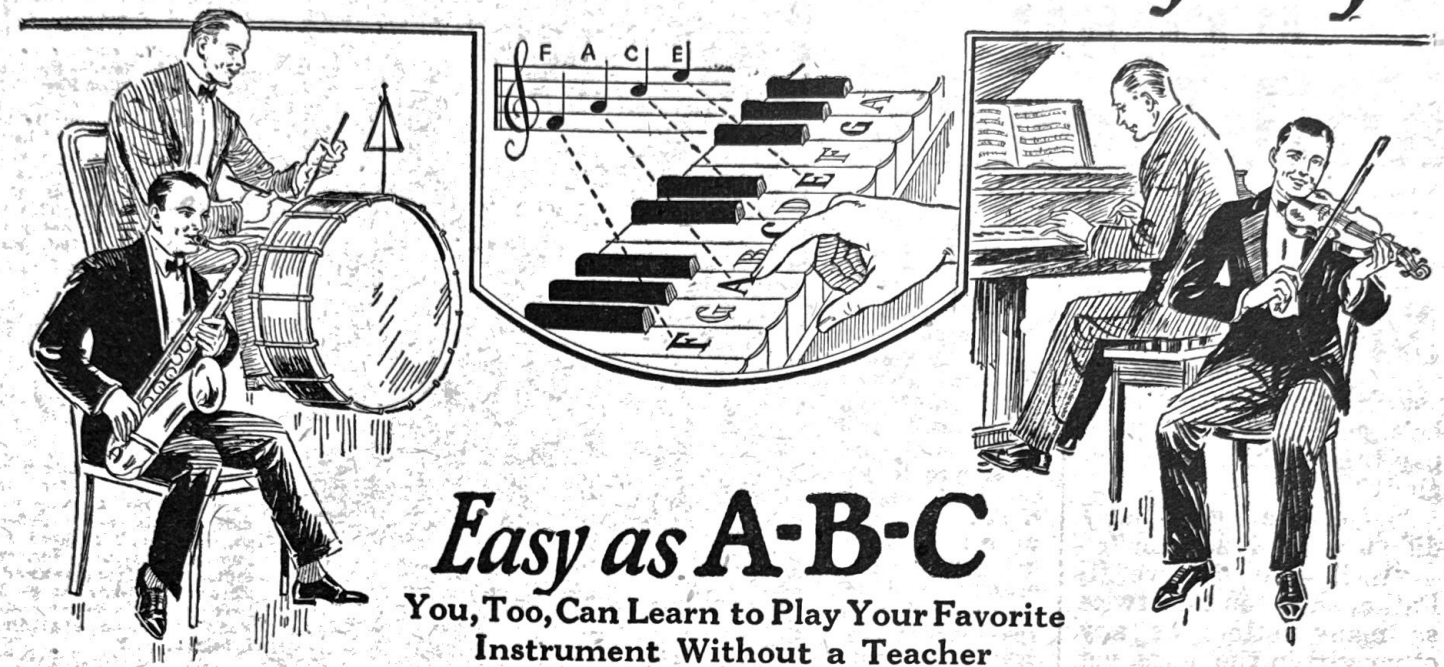

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VOL. XXXVII No. 854 SEPTEMBER 23, 1930

Moving Picture Stories

ETHEL ROSEMON, Editor ISSUED EVERY OTHER TUESDAY

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Common Clay

By ROSEMARY LEE

"GET out of all this muck before it's too late," the judge told Ellen Neal as she sat before him in his private office in the evening dress she had worn when the club in which she worked as hostess had been raided the night before. "Get yourself a decent job. Go to work for good people, people who lead normal, decent lives, respectable people. Get away from this rotten speakeasy crowd. Get any kind of a job you can, as long as it is real work. It may be hard, but, if it's honest, you'll have your own self-respect, you'll be somebody. Then some day some nice young fellow will come along and want to marry you and you'll have nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to regret. You'll be a good wife, a happy mother, with a houseful of beautiful children. Then you'll know what true happiness really is. And the only way you can get it is to save yourself for it. Wait until you hold your first baby in your arms and hear it laugh. That's the job you want to look forward to, because it's the finest job in the world for a woman."

Ellen raised grateful eyes to the kindly face opposite. He had believed her when she said she was straight, believed her in spite of the fact that, when the raid had taken place, she had been found alone with a man in a private room of the cabaret. It was part of her job to entertain the men guests—but, with her, talking with them, laughing, joking, taking an occasional drink was as far as the entertainment ever went. And, because she was grateful that he had believed her, she determined to follow his advice. Anyway, the picture he painted was an attractive one. She was tired of always dodging half-drunken embraces, of meeting advances in a way that would put the patrons in their places and still preserve her job. Yes, it was easy money. But, no matter how respectable the earning of it might be on her part, it had all the earmarks of evil. And how could she continue to keep the atmosphere of the night club from seeping into her soul? And how long did most girls retain their youth, their beauty after months of turning night into day in a room where one could breathe nothing but blue-white smoke.

ELLEN found no difficulty in securing a job in the home of what the judge had termed "decent, respectable people". And then disillusionment came.

Ellen grew to love the young son of her employer, unselfishly, unstintingly, with no thought of the wealth and the position that were his.

First, Edwards, the butler, who did the engaging, told her in no uncertain language he had chosen her from the scores of applicants because of her blonde good looks, because she appeared to be just the kind of a girl who'd be a friend—a very good friend. To emphasize his statement, he tried to embrace her in a deserted corner of the spacious Fullerton house. But Edwards was of the menial class. What right had she to judge his employers by his standards?

Then Hugh Fullerton, the only son of the wealthy household, came home from college. He caught one glimpse of Ellen and his interest was immediately aroused. Where and how had the mater secured such a pippin? It would be a treat to drink tea—yes, even tea—served by such a beauty. But, to give the boy credit, the only thought in his mind was a mild vacation flirtation with the lovely maid—all until Bud Coakley, an idle youth of the same circle, came to the Fullerton home one evening and immediately recognized Ellen from the old speakeasy days. He intimated to Hugh that

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his attentions need not stop at a flirtation. He knew. There had been a weekend trip in his automobile. He forgot to mention the fact that Ellen had then been scarcely more than a schoolgirl and there had been promises, promises which he had made—and she had believed.

The results of Bud's information were clandestine meetings with the young son of the household, midnight rides—and the usual outcome, for Ellen grew to love this boy, not for his wealth or social position but for the careless, unstudied charm that made itself felt wherever he went.

Hugh returned to college in the fall. Soon after, Ellen realized her condition. She wrote to the boy, but her letters went unanswered and, directly after, Richard Fullerton found some excuse for discharging her. Embittered against these "good, respectable people" whom the judge had pictured in such glowing colors, she returned to her widowed mother. Some time later her baby was born. His coming changed her whole outlook on life. She did not care for herself but she would fight to the end for the little life her love had brought into the world. She did not want the Fullerton riches. She could work to support her child. But Hugh must recognize his son, give him his name. More unanswered letters to Hugh were followed by appeals to the father. All were greeted by stony silence and, at last, in desperation, Ellen engaged a lawyer to fight for her baby's rights. How she dreaded the publicity, the appearance in court! But she did not consider herself for one second when her little boy's future was at stake.

FINALLY, when Richard Fullerton awoke to a realization of the girl's determination, he instructed Judge Filson, the family lawyer, to try to bring about an amicable adjustment. When, by appointment, Ellen entered his office, the baby clasped in her arms, Filson was plainly taken aback.

"You're not exactly the sort of girl I expected to see," he greeted. "You don't look like a—"

"A servant?" Ellen finished for him as he hesitated over the word.

"Hello, young man!" He leaned over the baby to hide his embarrassment. "Well, by George, he looks like you."

"Yes, doesn't he though?" Ellen smiled, happy that he, too, saw the resemblance. "He reminds me more of Hugh every day."

"Oh, you misunderstood me," Filson hurried to explain. "I said he looks like *you*."

"Oh." She was plainly disappointed. "But don't you think he does look a little like Hugh?" she asked, a pleading note in her voice.

"You can't expect me as counsel for the Fullertons to make such a damaging admission," he smiled. "I'm sure that you and I could have settled this whole thing to better advantage," he continued, bringing the conversation to the case in hand. "If I had had the slightest idea—"

"I'd never had hired a lawyer if Hugh had acted anything like a human being," she told him eagerly. "But he never came near me, never answered any of my letters, let me go through the whole thing alone. You don't know what that means."

"I'm sorry to say"—the judge hesitated a moment—"that I do know what that means. I know exactly how you feel and you have my entire sympathy."

"I can't understand why Hugh treated me like this," Ellen resumed, puzzled. "I didn't want anything. I never made any threats. I just wanted to see him, that's all."

"I understand," Filson said kindly, "and it's only fair to add that, when Hugh received your first letter, he wanted to come straight back here, but his father and I thought it wise that he remain at college to avoid any damaging admissions until I had thoroughly investigated the case."

"Investigated?" Ellen repeated. "What is there to investigate about a baby?"

"Why, you're nothing but a child yourself," he unconsciously gave voice to his thoughts.

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Yates, Ellen's attorney. Judge Filson immediately assured him that he wouldn't find Mr. Fullerton a hard man to deal with; in fact, they had gone into the matter very carefully and he now had the authority to pay Miss Neal fifty thousand dollars through a third party, the payment to entail no obligations on the part of the Fullertons. Yates considered the offer a very generous one and was frank to say so. But, to his surprise, Ellen interrupted his protestations of pleasure with a quick:

"I don't want any money at all! Why do they want to give me money? Is it because of the baby? Do they think I'm ashamed of him? No, sir, I'm proud of him! He's the most beautiful thing there ever was. They can't pay me for him. He's not a burden; he's a blessing."

"Call him what you like," Yates returned, terrified at the vision of his generous fee slipping through his fingers at the whim of a mere girl, "but it'll be a long time before he'll be able to pay your bills. And, if you didn't want money, what did you hire me for? What *do* you want?"

Ellen realized that it was useless to try to explain. He would never understand. Instinctively she raised her eyes to Judge Filson. No, she wasn't mistaken, for he said gently:

"You love Hugh, don't you?"

"What do you think?" she smiled.

At that moment the judge's secretary summoned him to another office where his clients were waiting for him.

"Well?" the elder Fullerton greeted him eagerly.

"She's not the kind of a girl I expected to see at all," Filson returned. "She has a peculiar sort of pride. She doesn't want money. She still loves Hugh."

"Did she say so?" the boy asked, trying to hide his eagerness—but not succeeding.

"No," the judge told him. "But anyone with half an eye could see it."

"Well, I'm surprised at you, Filson," Fullerton fumed, "letting her take you in like that."

"She didn't take me in, not this girl. I like her. There's something fine about her, something I'd like to have in a daughter of mine—lots of spunk, courage, beauty. You ought to see that lovely baby."

"I want to see him." Hugh rose quickly from the chair.

"You sit down," his father commanded. "I don't want you to go near that woman. Is this your idea of settling this thing?"

This is an adaptation of the William Fox screen presentation of the Harvard prize play by Cleves Kinkead. Jules Furthman wrote the scenario and Victor Fleming directed, with Constance Bennett appearing as Ellen Neal, Lew Ayres as Hugh Fullerton, Tully Marshall as W. H. Yates, Matty Kemp as Bud Coakley, Beryl Mercer as Mrs. Neal, Hale Hamilton as Judge Filson, Purnell B. Pratt as Richard Fullerton, Ada Williams as Mrs. Fullerton, Charles McNaughton as Edwards and Genevieve Blinn as Mrs. Fullerton.

"If I were Hugh, I'd marry this girl," the lawyer suggested.

"Are you crazy?" Fullerton diverted his anger from his son to his attorney. "A woman like that who virtually came off the streets into our home as a servant?"

"It'd take more than that record to make that girl bad in my eyes," Filson assured him. "I'm trying now to save Hugh from making the same mistake I once made."

"What are you talking about?" Fullerton snapped. "You were never—"

"Just such a girl as this one," the lawyer interrupted quietly. "I was all she wanted. And, if I'd been half a man then, I'd be a much happier one now."

But Fullerton was not interested in his attorney's private life, not at present.

"I asked you to get nothing for me but the truth," he resumed. "If I were sure that Hugh was the only man in this girl's life, I'd be the first to insist upon marriage—and you know it."

"Father and I had that understanding from the very beginning," Hugh put in. "Ellen's all you say she is and, after I'd known her a while, I didn't believe the things that Buddy here told me about her."

"Well, I wasn't lying, was I?" Coakley, who up to this moment had remained discreetly in the background, defended. "You found out it was true, didn't you?"

"Oh, I couldn't," Hugh returned desperately. "She was too fine, too sweet. When I got her letter, I was kind of scared, yet I was happy. I wrote to father and told him I was coming home to marry her—and you know why I didn't." He looked at Filson reproachfully. "You were the one who dug up all this stuff. One man wasn't enough for you. You had to dig up things that make me think of a dozen."

But they were getting nowhere by this discussion and the attorney summoned Yates into conference with them. Filson announced immediately that his clients had decided to fight the case through but predicted that the opposing counsel would regret it if he took the girl into court. To prove his contention, he brought out a sheaf of papers, evidence to prove that Ellen had been a questionable character before she had met young Fullerton. There was the court record of the night the cabaret had been raided, her fingerprints, her photograph. There was the deposition of the young man who was with her. Yates was astonished. Yes, that was plenty for him and, taking the papers, he dashed back into the room where Ellen was waiting.

Mrs. Neal's voice was sweet, gentle, but the story she told had the effect of a bomb exploding in the court room.

A letter, a crushed flower! Ellen gazed into the eyes of the man who had handed them to her. How different her life would have been if he had bravely faced the world years before!

He held the damaging evidence accusingly before her. Why hadn't she told him about her past? Why had she let him go into the case blindly?

"Why should I tell anyone?" she demanded. "I quit all that when I went to work for the Fullertons. I told Hugh about my being arrested and I'm going to tell them all something else, too." At that moment Bud Coakley entered the room and Ellen wheeled on him fiercely. "So you're going to tell on me, too?"

"Well—er—yes—that is—you see that—unless you'll be reasonable." Coakley had the doubtful grace to be embarrassed. "I'll tell only the truth."

"I'm the kind of woman that men tell the truth about," the girl returned scornfully. "I'm not important enough for them to lie for, or to fight for. Well, I'm going to fight for myself." She turned to Yates. "Tell me something to do, some way a girl can defend herself against a rat like this. Can't the law do anything for me?"

"Wait a minute!" Yates exclaimed excitedly, suddenly spurred to action by the righteous indignation that flamed in Ellen's eyes. "How old were you when you went out with this young man?"

"Going on eighteen," she told him.

Yates almost danced in his glee. There was a law to protect minors and this young fellow had just confessed to a crime. When Filson joined them, he greeted him with the startling news that, if Coakley told what he knew in court, he'd do it as a defendant at his own trial, and what he would tell would send him to the penitentiary. Coakley turned pale at the prospect. He wouldn't testify to anything, anywhere. But now Ellen insisted that he would. He had told on her twice and she would make him tell on her again—in court. She had wanted

(Continued on page 22)

Bill and Molly sat at a secluded table in Hoffman's Parisian Dance Palace, all by themselves in the midst of the jazz-mad crowd.

Dancing Sweeties

By ETHEL ROSEMON

DURING the day, Bill Cleaver dispensed sodas at a local drug store. But why bring that up, for Bill lived only for the hours when the city was aflicker with lights and the playboys of the world made merry? Then his well-built form, a model for what the well-dressed man should wear—on the salary of a soda-water dispenser—might be seen gliding over the floor of Hoffman's Parisian Dance Palace to the joy of the spectators. Bill had won eleven cups and he prized them as highly as the hunter does the trophies of the big game hunt. Jazzbo Gans, a gum-chewing, wise-cracking little blonde, was his usual partner and shone in the reflected glory of Bill's ability to keep all eyes concentrated upon himself whenever he stepped out on the floor.

Bill's skill as a dancer was the envy of Needles Thompson, an oily, snappily dressed young sheik, whose chief ambition in life was to be a devil with the ladies. Every time he watched Bill walk off with a cup his eyes narrowed. He'd start winning them some day! He'd show the handsome soda-dispenser that the whole world and all the girls in it were not his for the asking! And at last one night he thought his chance had come. He brought a new partner with him to Hoffman's, a dark-eyed, dark-haired mite of a girl who seemed strangely out of place in this environment of jazz.

"Watch your step now, big boy!" he warned Bill in the dressing-room. "Pipe the dark-eyed baby I picked out tonight and kiss the cup goodby!"

Bill was plainly interested. Perhaps, indeed, there was a new world to conquer and, when, a little later in the evening, he caught a glimpse of Needles and his new friend, his heart began to turn somersaults.

"Say, Jerry," he addressed the assistant manager of the hall, "go over and get a knock-down to the girl. Then call Needles away to answer the phone and I'll join you."

Bill was popular with all the employes of Hoffman's and Jerry readily consented to do his bidding. When Needles returned from the telephone booth, fuming because there had been no one at the other end of the wire, he was amazed to see his girl gliding over the floor in the arms of his rival.

The cup was a cinch that night for Bill and little Molly O'Neil, the dark-haired newcomer to the dance hall. And Bill had won more than the cup. The girl's eyes glowed as she raised them adoringly to the handsome lad who had so quickly and thoroughly eclipsed her escort. When the dancing was over, the two sought out a secluded table in the corner and, with the breathless wonder of youth at its first overwhelming love, exchanged their hopes and ambitions, protested at the fact that their families could not realize that their offsprings had now grown from babyhood into young manhood and womanhood.

This is an adaptation of the Warner Brothers' screen presentation based on the story by Harry Fried. Gordon Rigby and Joseph Jackson wrote the scenario and Ray Enright directed, with Grant Withers appearing as Bill Cleaver, Sue Carol as Mollie O'Neil, Edna Murphy as Jazzbo Gans, Tully Marshall as Mr. Cleaver, Kate Price as Mrs. O'Neil, Adamae Vaughn as Emma O'Neil and Eddie Phillips as Needles Thompson.

BESIDES the contest that night, the hall was featuring the offer of local storekeepers to furnish an apartment for the couple who, at the close of the evening's festivities, would be married there in the presence of the assembled guests. Two of Hoffman's regular patrons had eagerly planned to offer themselves up on the altar of publicity but, even as they prepared for the great event, a quarrel arose and the prospective bride stubbornly refused to say, "I do," at least on that particular evening. The management was frantic. Everyone would brand the publicity that had been given the affair as a fake, a ruse to get people into the dance hall. In desperation, Hoffman sent Jerry Brown to scout around for substitutes. Imagine the ambitious assistant manager's joy when he came upon Bill and Molly sitting in the corner, lost to the rest of the world, hands clasped, eyes meeting eyes with that soulful look that presages marriage sooner or later! And Jerry determined to make it sooner. He put the proposition up to the two with all the skill of the experienced salesman. An apartment already furnished! Nothing to do but to move in that very night!

"Will you, Molly?" Bill breathed eagerly.

The girl hesitated. She had never met anyone who embodied her dream of Prince Charming as did this handsome young dancer. She was tired of being under the domination of her mother and two older sisters. And, yet, this was so sudden! And what would the family say? After all, did it make any difference what they said if she had a big handsome husband like Bill to protect her from their verbal assaults? The result of all this quick reasoning was a shy nod of the head. A little later, in the presence of the curiosity-loving dance hall habitués, Molly O'Neil changed her name to Mrs. Bill Cleaver.

ON their way home to the apartment that night, the youngsters made two calls, one at the home of Bill's parents, where they found the elder Cleaver all ready to deliver his usual lecture on the evils of late hours for young men, and one to the home of Molly's mother, where a similar sermon had been prepared. Each time the boy and the girl were visibly nervous but they stuck to their guns with the proud—if trembling—announcement that they were no longer under the domination of parental rule, they were prepared to live their own lives now in a home of their very own.

And such a cozy little home it was! Bill and Molly were sure that they had found their Blue Heaven at last. And what fun it was to be independent! However, they soon found that no one is thoroughly independent in this world. There are generally relations lurking somewhere in the background, relations who often upset the most carefully laid plans. The night that Bill became poignantly aware of this fact was a dissappointing one to him. Right from the beginning, Molly showed a decided preference for spending the evenings in their own little home. She had dreamed of one so long that, now that it was a reality, she hated to leave it. Anyway, she disliked the jazz and noise of the dance hall, its smoke-laden atmosphere. But Bill wanted to continue his cup winning uninterrupted and reluctantly Molly consented. She was rushing through with the dishes on this particular evening, to the accompaniment of Bill's frequent admonitions to hurry up and get dressed or they'd be late, when the Cleavers made their first call at the home of the newlyweds, bringing with them their wedding gift, a neat, compact little radio set. Molly was delighted. Bill was, too, in his way but he kept watching the hands of the clock, fearing that they would miss the contest.

Bill was clasping a girl in his arms. He didn't care how she happened to be there. He'd never let her go again.

Finally the Cleavers, noting their son's nervousness, took their leave. There was just time to make the dance hall if they hurried. They were going out the door when Molly's family arrived. Sulkily Bill accompanied them back to the little living-room. Impatiently he heard them rave over the latest wedding gift. Nothing would do but they must try it. A famous dance orchestra was on the air. Bill fumed inwardly and his feet shuffled uneasily as the jazz tunes filled the little room—they reminded him so vividly of the place he was longing to be. Then the orchestra signed off and Bill heaved a sigh of relief. Perhaps the O'Neils would go now. Perhaps the fates would be kind and delay the starting of the contest at Hoffman's. But no such luck! The next announcement that came over the air broke the sad news. Needles and Jazzbo had won the waltz contest.

The chain was broken now and, with ill grace, Bill consented to give in to Molly's pleas to spend the evenings at home, at least for a little while. Besides, they must begin to save up for the future—and what the future might bring.

BUT finally Bill grew restless and Molly, wise little wife that she was, gracefully agreed that perhaps he did need a little recreation and consented to accompany him to Hoffman's the night of an important contest.

"Some baby!" said Needles.
"Some babies!" his former rival countered.

They were both a little out of practice now and, when the orchestra struck up the preliminary dances, Bill suggested that they step out on the floor and work the kinks out of their legs.

New steps had come into vogue during their absence and, though Bill, after a moment of watching the other dancers, quickly caught on to the swing, the less experienced Molly found it difficult to keep up with him. Trying to conceal his impatience, he drew her over to a corner where they might practice a little by themselves.

"Gee, honey, can't you get them?" he asked finally.

"I'm trying hard," Molly told him, "but they're all so new to me."

At that moment Jazzbo joined them, still chewing gum, still wise-cracking.

"How's the old married man?" she greeted Bill with only a slight nod to Molly. "Sort of out of the running now, eh, big boy?"

Bill turned to her with an unconscious plea in his voice.

"Molly just can't seem to get onto these new steps," he explained.

Jazzbo came closer.

"Gee, boy, if only you and I could step out, I bet we'd win the cup!"

Bill turned to Molly.

"Say, honey, you don't mind if I dance this with Jazzbo, do you? You see, I'm afraid you couldn't do the steps. And—well—"

Molly fought to keep back the tears that were so near the surface. So he preferred to dance with Jazzbo when he had sworn he could never see another girl but her!

"All right, Bill," she consented. "Go ahead. Dance with her if you want to."

Bill was too delighted at the prospect of again winning the cup to notice the break in her voice, nor did he see her raise the wisp of a handkerchief to her eyes as she turned quickly away and dashed to the shelter of the ladies' dressing-room.

THAT night Bill and Molly had their first quarrel. Molly classed his friends at the dance hall as an idle, ambitionless lot who cared nothing about their work if they could win another old cup. And Bill was properly contrite. Perhaps he shouldn't have danced with Jazzbo. What did a cup amount to, anyway, when weighed in the balance against Molly's tears? Kissing them away, he promised that he would cut out the dance hall. They'd spend their evenings together at home after this, listening to the radio, with now and then a moving picture thrown in. And he intended to keep his promise.

Then one day Needles and Jazzbo came down to the soda fountain where Bill dispensed the foamy drinks. Needles was in a boastful mood. The cups were a cinch for him now. No one could take them away from him again. The public was beginning to appreciate what real dancing was. Even Jazzbo bridled under his self-confidence. Though she had been his partner in all the contests, he gave her no credit for her share in the victories. Needles was called away before Jazzbo finished her drink and she was glad of this opportunity to have a moment alone with Bill.

"It's a swell contest tonight," she told him, "a gold cup mantel. Why don't you come down, big boy, and take to the winner. Needles already has a place for it on his it away from him? I'll dance with you. Needles is getting a swelled head and I'd like to teach him a lesson."

Bill hesitated. He couldn't possibly get away. He'd promised Molly he'd give up the dance hall.

"Oh, I'll fix that up all right," Jazzbo promised. "I'll have one of the boys phone you at eight o'clock. Your old man will be taken suddenly sick and want to see you. You can come down to the hall, walk off with the cup, walk home again and friend wife will never know anything about it."

Bill was not sure he approved of that arrangement. But how he would like the gold cup! And in his mind still rankled Needles's boastful tone as he had declared that nobody could take the prize away from him now.

THAT night, the dishes cleared away, Bill tried to concentrate on Molly's gay recounting of what had happened during the day, her eager questions about the business at the soda-water fountain. But one ear was nervously strained for the ringing of the telephone. The clock ticked away, bringing the hands closer and closer to eight. Gee, he wished he hadn't listened to Jazzbo's persuasive voice! It was a shame to deceive the kid! Why couldn't they leave him alone? At that moment, the telephone bell rang and Bill jumped. But Molly did not notice it.

"I'll answer it, dear," she said as she rushed over and took the receiver from the hook. Then she turned to him with a worried little frown. "Daddy Cleaver's sick," she said. "He wants to see you right away. Oh, gee, Bill, I hope it's nothing serious. You run along and I'll wait here until you come back."

Bill could not meet her eyes as he grabbed his hat and rushed from the apartment. Molly took up her sewing basket and drew her chair close to the radio. She tuned in on some dance music. It would help the time go by until Bill's return. Now Hoffman's Parisian Dance Palace was coming on the air. She listened to the whole program and made believe it was the night she had first met Bill and they were dancing together. Selection followed selection and her eyes brightened and a wistful little smile curled her lips as she remembered the way Bill had held her to him that first dance, how he had told her he had never seen a girl like her before, never dreamed

(*Continued on page 24*)

Lives of the Great

By HOWARD CURTIS

MARION DAVIES, who often has been called the leading comedienne of the screen, is one star who has had to struggle against the gift of beauty which some may think is the first qualification for motion picture success. To win her place as a clever actress, an adroit comedienne, Miss Davies has had to work against the counter-attraction of her own beauty. Her symmetry of face and figure made it extremely difficult for her to prevent admiring co-workers from keeping her merely decorative.

It was Marion Davies's beauty that gave her the first opportunity on the screen, but it was hard work combined with ability that took her out of the merely ornamental class and made her the clever actress she is today.

Marion was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Bernard Douras. Her early education was received at a parochial school there. Later, she was sent to the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Hastings, N. Y., where she specialized in dramatic art, French, English literature and music. Although she played in several pageants produced by the students at the convent, she did not display any marked dramatic talent. However, her participation in these amateur theatrical entertainments fired her with the desire for a stage career.

On her graduation from the convent, Marion sought work on the New York stage. While waiting for an opening, she modeled dresses at a Fifth Avenue Shop. Her unusual beauty soon won her a place in the chorus of "Chu Chin Chow". From this extravaganza, she graduated to a dancing part in the musical comedy, "Oh, Boy". Flo Ziegfeld, on the scout for beauty, saw her dancing in this and offered her a place in the Follies.

While in the dancing chorus of Ziegfeld's Follies, Marion posed for Howard Chandler Christy and Harrison Fisher. Her face, through the work of these two artists, became so well known that she was billed by Ziegfeld as "The Girl on the Magazine Cover". She was the model for Harrison Fisher's famous painting, "Morning."

While on a holiday in Florida one winter before the opening of the Follies, Miss Davies was photographed on the beach with some other girls. A producer who had met her and had been impressed by her personal charm—Miss Davies is the most popular hostess in the Hollywood film colony—saw this reel of film and was fascinated by the way she photographed. He induced her to leave the Follies and play before the camera. So anxious was she to make her first film vehicle a success that she even wrote the scenario for the photoplay, "Runaway Romany," which was produced by an independent company and had a well-merited success.

Out Hollywood way, Marion has the reputation of being one of the most charming hostesses of the film colony.

Influenced by her beautiful face, charming manners, graceful carriage and perfect figure, the producers immediately starred Marion Davies.

Playing straight heroine parts, she appeared in "The Belle of New York", "The Burden of Proof," "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," "The Cinema Murder," "April Folly," "The Restless Sex," "Buried Treasure," "Enchantment," "The Bride's Play" and "The Young Diana". Her beauty, strangely enough, was her biggest handicap. The public, quick enough to appreciate her personal charms, could not see beyond them and discern her remarkable talent.

Not until she injected some comedy relief of her own invention into "When Knighthood Was in Flower" did the public take her to its collective heart. Since then, comedy has been Miss Davies's forte. One success has followed another. She has achieved rare triumphs in

(*Continued on page 17*)

"No, lounging pajamas aren' tthe thing for swimming. But nobody swims in a fish pond, anyway," says Claire Luce, Fox Movietone actress, as she enjoys this feature of her new Hollywood home.

DANGEROUS to predict, but, unless all signs fail or all sound reasons why the bet should be good, Estelle Taylor as *Dixie Lee* in Edna Ferber's "Cimaron" will give one of the most colorful and vivid performances of the year. No girl in Hollywood has a more interesting personality than has Mrs. Jack Dempsey. In her way, a dark, sultry way, she can equal Garbo for registering effect by merely walking into a scene. Her acting is sometimes brilliant, as it was when she played *Lucrezia Borgia* in Barrymore's "Don Juan", the character well thought out and portrayed with rare skill. She made *Lucrezia* the ruthless but alluring lady she really was, and not the heavy "menace" some players might have presented her on the hearsay that *Lucrezia* disposed of four husbands. So she did, if this is the correct number, but she was still alluring with her beauty and feminine charm so that poets fell madly in love with her and died for her. To her fifth husband, *Lucrezia* was a gentle, devoted wife whom he adored for many years. All this side of the *Borgia's* strange character Estelle Taylor suggested, and it is safe to look for something unusual and striking in her *Dixie Lee*. Richard Dix will play opposite her in "Cimaron".

There are two stars in Norma Shearer's home now. The new one is Irving Thalberg, Jr., a very recent arrival in the film colony.

That's That

POOR Dolores Del Rio has come in for some trying publicity. She was recently accused by Gunther Lessing, Los Angeles attorney, of contributing to the disruption of his marriage. Mrs. Gunther sued for divorce. Mr. Gunther in his counter suit stated that Miss Del Rio called him "an ugly old man" to his wife and advised her to seek her freedom. Being a movie star has its disadvantages. Remarks to friends about their husbands may have deplorable results for them, whereas plain Mrs. Jones could criticize Mr. Smith to his wife and be allowed to forget all about it.

* * *

SINCE her separation from James Cruze, Betty Compson has gone back to her former home which was leased for a time to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. She has had it refitted and refurnished until it is one of the most attractive places on Hollywood Boulevard. Hugh Trevor has been going places with Betty this summer and it wouldn't greatly surprise the film colony if he moved his trunk into Betty's home as soon as her divorce decree becomes final and they can be married. The divorce was granted only a few weeks ago and it takes a year for one to be complete legally in California. A year is a long time.

* * *

THE fragile beauty of Irene Rich and her gentle, persuasive charm seem an excellent foil for the screen's comedians, for now, after playing opposite Will Rogers, she has the lead in the picture that will introduce Amos and Andy to the screen. This will be an R. K. O. "super-feature"—which is as high as they can go in feature productions until they do an extra-special super-feature.

* * *

MARY DORAN, who recently played opposite William Haines in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Remote Control", believes that at last she's found fame. An agent approached her, she relates, and asked her to appear in a vaudeville sketch.

"It was great," she says, "until he broke the news that he expected

By
RUTH RAND

me to play in it for nothing—just for the publicity."

* * *

REGINALD DENNY, movie celebrity, now playing opposite Grace Moore in her first talking picture, is one of the fourth generation of actors in his family, the oldest theatrical family in England. On both his father's and mother's side, the family has contained actors back to his great-grandfather's day. Denny will have to get back the English accent he has been losing for his role in "Those Three French Girls" in which he will be featured with Fifi D'Orsay. In the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedy film, he will play the part of a blithe young Britisher with nothing particular on his mind except wine, women and an occasional song.

* * *

THAT well-known comedian, Jimmy Aubrey, was trying to pull one on the boys between scenes of "Two Fresh Eggs", a Pathe musical comedy.

"Do you know what the Scotchman said when his friend tried to touch him for a fiver?" he queried.

"No," said a dozen voices eagerly.

Aubrey shook his head sadly.

"S'funny. That's one joke I never have to finish."

* * *

FROM Hollywood we hear that Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks are living peacefully at "Pickfair" and that Mary has plans to start work again on the picture she recently abandoned. There will be another director and none of the shots already taken will be used.

* * *

MR. and Mrs. Jack Gilbert are also living at peace in their Hollywood home and another divorce rumor seems to be successfully spiked, at least for a while. It isn't safe to bet permanently against divorce in any modern marriage, although some of them are better risk than others. Who would have thought a few years ago that the Marquis and Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudraye could ever come to a parting of the ways? Or would you? Anyway, I remember so well how happy Gloria looked one day when she said in an interview that they had found happiness together and anyone who ever tried to come in and spoil it could just keep out. Now it is said that Gloria and her Marquis—living apart, one in Hollywood and one in Paris—will soon be legally parted.

It's pay day at M.G.M.'s All-Barkie Studio. Mrs. Renfro, who, with her husband, trains the four-footed actors for the comedies, is very careful in her calculations of how many weanies each bow-wow has earned.

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons. Of course, you know that Mrs. Gibbons is Dolores Del Rio. Mr. Gibbons is head of the M.G.M. art department.

Returning to the happy Gilberts, Ina Claire is now appearing on the stage in Los Angeles and Jack is the most enthusiastic unit in her audience on many nights.

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES, we hear, is to turn crook in his next picture. Everybody's doing it. Even Kenneth Thomson, who has been the hero of many screen romances, developed into the hardest boiled of screen racketeers in "Wild Company", with a vicious gleam in his eye. Haines, we are told, is to play the part of a notorious Chicago gangster drawn from life, and since beneath his wise-cracking comedy there is an ability to act drama. Haines should be good as a bad man.

Coming next issue: "Sweethearts on Parade," "Good Intentions" and "The Flirting Widow." Don't miss them!

The Christmas tree was a surprise Hector had planned for Mrs. O'Grady and her grandson.

The Unholy

By JEAN

CROWDS stood gaping all day long before the plate-glass windows of Mrs. O'Grady's Bird and Pet Shoppe. The rough-and-tumble of terrier puppies at play, the antics of monkeys and the vivid flash of color on the wings of parrots and macaws made the store a constant source of entertainment.

One winter evening when Christmas shoppers stood three deep before the window, a quietly dressed man of middle-age, whose upright bearing proclaimed him either a soldier or a servant, pushed his way through the crowd and entered the store. A clerk nodded to him and, when he had finished wrapping up some flaked fish food for an old lady who was chattering away about the "personalities" of her three gold fish, asked:

"Is there anything I can do for you, sir?"

"You sold a parrot to Mr. Grenville last week and he is very much dissatisfied with his purchase. The bird hasn't spoken since you delivered it, although it spoke very well indeed when it was in the shop," the man returned.

Recognizing the speaker as a butler or upper servant in the Grenville home, the clerk assured him genially:

"Just a minute and I'll ask Mrs. O'Grady. She likes to have her customers satisfied."

With that he hastened into a back room where he found the proprietor, a kindly old Irish woman with spectacles, talking to three people, her daughter, Rosie, a comely young woman, an enormous oaf with the build and muscles of a giant, and a little baby, known to the clerk as her grandson. When he had reported the complaint, the proprietor took it calmly, as she was accustomed to meeting all similar complaints—and they were numerous.

"Hector," she instructed, "tell Mr. Grenville's man I'll stop around at his house this evening and see what I can do with the parrot. People don't seem to know how to handle birds any more. They're too mean to them. You have to treat a parrot kindly to get any results."

The moment the clerk closed the door behind him, the homely little group was galvanized into new and sinister life. With one sweep of her hand, Mrs. O'Grady removed the wig she was wearing and revealed herself as a hard-faced, cunning-looking man. The baby, an adult midget, took off his lace cap, picked up a lighted cigar from the table and began to puff contentedly. The big oaf leaned forward and remarked:

"Grenville, eh? He's a millionaire. It ought to be a big haul this time. What about it, Echo?"

Echo, the man who had been masquerading as Mrs. O'Grady, returned in gruff masculine tones:

"We'll make a good haul if you and Miggles do what I tell you to. And there'll be no haul at all if you try to hold out on me the way you did the last few times."

"Aw, you're crazy, Echo," the midget said, tilting the cigar at an impertinent angle. "We've never held out on you, have we, Hercules?"

"Naw," the giant replied. "We wouldn't queer a pal, Echo. You've known us for years. Haven't we always been pals?"

"We weren't such good pals," Echo answered bitingly, "when we were playing at Herbert's Museum together. Do you remember when you stuck a pin into my ape, you big nit-wit?"

"Yeah," Hercules answered, stretching himself to his full height. "And some day I'm going to tear that ape to pieces."

"I'll open the cage now and give you a chance at him if you'd like me to," Echo suggested, rising from his chair and going toward the corner of the room where, in a large cage, an ape was tugging at the bars in an effort to get out.

"Lay off, lay off," Hercules said softly, his face growing pale with fear. "I don't want nothin' to do with that ape."

"Then shut up and stay on the level with me," Echo warned him. "I'm not going to have you and Miggles put the kibosh on this soft graft that we have by pulling any funny stuff. And you, Rosie"—he whirled toward the girl—"you remember who kept you out of trouble all these years and stay away from that Hector simp. You'll queer us all if you don't watch out. You'd be out on the if it wasn't for me. Remember that next time you feel getting mushy with that guy. He's a good clerk and a good front for us and I don't want him spoiled. Let him alone."

The girl murmured some sort of an excuse, then turned and looked out into the back yard where an old touring car and a new baby carriage stood disconsolately in the snow.

Miggles, the midget, said cuttingly:

"Echo's jealous. You'd better watch your moll, Echo, or she'll be leaving you."

"Pipe the lip," Echo returned furiously, approaching the crib in which the midget sat smoking his cigar.

Miggles seized Hercules's arm for protection and clung there while Echo continued to glare at him. Rosie, turn-

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This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Clarence Aaron Robbins. J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent wrote the scenario and dialogue and Jack Conway directed, with Lon Chaney appearing as Echo, Lila Lee as Rosie, Elliott Nugent as Hector, Harry Earle as Midget, John Miljan as the prosecuting attorney, Ivan Linow as Hercules, Clarence Burton as Regan and Crauford Kent as the defense attorney.

Three

PENNINGTON

ing from the window, looked at them for a moment and then muttered under her breath:

"The unholy three! What a gang!"

THE unholy three, as Rosie had termed them, had come together at Herbert's Museum, a little side show off Broadway. Here Hercules had exhibited his muscles, Miggles his lack of stature and Echo his amazing ability to mimic and throw his voice. Rosie and the ape had also worked at Herbert's. The ape had been exhibited in connection with Echo's act and Rosie had been the "dip", duly authorized by the management to pick as many pockets and filch as many watches as she deemed advisable. She had always turned the proceeds over to Echo, her lover and protector.

The museum had been forced to discharge the unholy three when they got into a row over Echo's ape. Hercules, taunted by Miggles, had stuck a pin into the back of the huge beast. Echo, attracted by the uproar, had gone to the ape's assistance. They had been quickly dismissed after the fight.

All three had soon forgotten their quarrel in a common interest, a means of gaining a livelihood from their various talents. The ape, alone, had been unable to forget and he hated Hercules with undying and ferocious hatred.

It was Echo who had first suggested that they run a pet shop with robbery as a highly profitable side-line. The procedure was simple and yet ingenious. When a purchaser was looking over the parrots, none of which could say a single word, Echo, posing as the kindly Mrs. O'Grady, would throw his voice in such a way as to make the purchasers believe that the birds were actually speaking. Later on, when the parrots failed to live up to the bright reputation with which Echo's voice had endowed them, Mrs. O'Grady would be called in to see what was wrong. While she tended to the parrots, Miggles would climb out of his baby carriage and steal whatever he could lay his hands on. If, however, he saw a safe or other strong box which he could not handle alone, Hercules would be called in to "muscle" the safe later on. He could rip out the door of a medium-sized safe with amazing ease. In this way, with the exception of their continual jealousy and quarreling, they managed to eke out a very good living.

"Forget it," Echo said finally, turning away from Miggles and looking for his wig and bonnet. "We've got work to do. Scramble into your carriage, Miggles, and I'll take you over to Grenville's house. Keep a sharp eye open while I fuss with that damned parrot."

Miggles threw away the butt end of his cigar and without more ado climbed up into the baby carriage. When he had settled himself, Echo took hold of the handle and began wheeling him out through the store, turning in the doorway that led to the shop to call back to Rosie:

"You stay away from Hector. I'll not have my moll double-cross me. Get me?"

As they passed through the store, several women customers smiled at the cute little baby who was being taken out for an airing by his sweet grandmother.

"Now you lay low and leave this to me. Hector delivered that parrot to the Grenville house and I'll see that he gets blamed for the murder."

AT Grenville's palatial home, Mrs. O'Grady, with great effort, wheeled the baby carriage up the steps and rang the bell. The butler, who had called at her store, now dressed in livery, ushered her in.

"You'll have to wait a moment, Mrs. O'Grady," he said. "A gentleman from Cartier's has just called to show some jewels to Mr. Grenville. He intends to get them as a Christmas present for his wife. He won't take more than a few moments to look at them and then he'll consult you about the parrot."

Ordinarily the butler would not have said all this to a stranger, but Mrs. O'Grady was such a sweet and harmless person that he felt no compunction in explaining to her the reason for Mr. Grenville's delay. He did not see the look that Mrs. O'Grady and her infant grandchild exchanged at the mention of jewels.

In a few moments, Grenville and another man came into the hallway. The millionaire nodded pleasantly to Mrs. O'Grady and continued his conversation with the jeweler's man.

"Robbins," he was saying, "I can't seem to decide. Both these necklaces are so fine that it is difficult to make a choice. Won't you wait a moment? I'll just go with Mrs. O'Grady and see about the parrot. Perhaps that wise old bird may say something to help me make up my mind."

"I'm sure he will," Mrs. O'Grady twinkled, rising.

"I've got the parrot in my den," Grenville explained. "Will you let me show you the way, Mrs. O'Grady?" The old woman followed the financier down a long hallway to his richly appointed study. Here in a bronze cage hung an enormous green parrot. Addressing this bird, he said, "Come on, Captain Kid, say your little piece for Mrs. O'Grady."

The parrot idly ruffled his feather and remained silent.

"See?" Mr. Grenville questioned.

"Captain want a biscuit?" Mrs. O'Grady said coaxingly.

"Sink the ship! Sink the ship and save the rubies!" the parrot bellowed lustily.

The millionaire grinned sheepishly.

"I guess he knows you."

"No, it's because I talk gently to him," Mrs. O'Grady

"Echo, if you'll save that boy, I'll promise to love you and you only. I'll never even ask to see him again."

contended. "You've got to be gentle with parrots or they won't be happy—and unhappy parrots won't talk."

"Sink the ship and save the rubies!" the piratical bird howled stridently.

"Sink the ship and save the rubies!" Grenville repeated musingly. "I guess the old fellow is telling me to buy the ruby necklace. He's got expensive tastes."

"I told you he'd decide for you," Mrs. O'Grady answered as they started back to the hallway.

The jewelry salesman was amusing himself by dangling the ruby necklace, worth thousands of dollars, in front of the baby and cooing to it:

"See the pretty red beads! See the pretty red beads!"

The baby, his eyes shining in a way that no baby's eyes ever shone before, seized the necklace and began to put it in his mouth. His eyes were on his grandmother's as he did this and Mrs. O'Grady could see what his idea was—he wanted to swallow the necklace and get away with it. It was too simple a plan for Mrs. O'Grady to accept. Forcibly she wrenched his jaws open and took the jewels from him.

"He tried to steal them by swallowing the pretty red beads. What a naughty baby!" she said by way of explanation as she handed the ruby necklace back to Grenville with a dagger look of warning at the baby.

BACK again in the privacy of the room behind the shop, Echo gave vent to his fury at Miggles for having tried to pull such a dangerous stunt as swallowing the rubies.

"You dumb cluck," he raved. "Don't you know what they would have done to you if you'd swallowed those gems? They'd have given you castor oil and an examination. As soon as they'd have taken off those swaddling clothes of yours, they would have known that you weren't a real baby. You'd have given the whole works away. Now we've got to take it easy if we want those stones for ourselves."

"Easy—hell!" Hercules grumbled. "We want 'em now. I'll go this evening and get them myself."

"No, you won't," Echo retorted. "I'm busy this evening and I'm not going to let you pull anything without me. I can't trust you in the first place and in the second place I'm afraid that you'll be wanting to pull some dumb stunt that will give the whole show away to the police. You leave those rubies alone until I'm ready to go with you."

"What are you going to do tonight?" Miggles questioned.

"None of your business!" Echo snapped back.

"Yes, it is my business," the dwarf went on tantalizingly. "If we're partners in this racket, we've got to know what you're going to do tonight that's so important that you can't come with us."

"I told you once, Miggles, it's none of your business!"

"I bet you're going to sit around and keep your eye on Rosie to be sure that she don't go steppin' out with Hector," Hercules put in.

"What if I am?"

"The more fool you are if you do. That dame's stuck on that good-looking clerk and she won't have anythin' more to do with you than she can help," Miggles explained.

WHILE this conversation was going on in the back room of the pet shop, Rosie was in Hector's tiny furnished room, helping him to arrange a Christmas tree which he wanted to present to Mrs. O'Grady as a surprise. The girl, who had been brought up in carnivals and crookedness, was enchanted by the pure and trusting spirit of the young man. Even the fact that he had fallen so completely for Echo's impersonation of a kindly old woman seemed a virtue in her eyes. She listened as Hector babbled on and on while fixing the little tree for Mrs. O'Grady and her grandchild.

"She'll like this little star on the tip-top of the tree," he was saying. "That's the way they used to fix them in the old days. And the baby'll be crazy about this red ball. I'll hang it on one of these lower branches so that he can play with it."

Rosie could hardly keep from laughing at the thought of evil little Miggles, a big cigar in his mouth, playing with the red ball on the lower branches of a Christmas tree.

"Oh, sure, they'll love it," she said quickly to hide her smile.

Their hands touched for a moment as they wound tinsel chains around the tree. Both paused. It was as if a shock of some current had passed through their bodies. They stood tense, looking into each other's eyes. Finally Hector grinned and broke the silence by saying guilelessly:

"Gee, Rosie, I wish that you weren't married. I've never met a girl like you before—so good and honest in every way."

(Continued on page 26)

The Sea Bat

By VAL LEWTON

(Nina, daughter of Antone, governor of San Fillipo, an island in the West Indies, had one passion in life, Carl, the handsome young sponge diver. Juan, a Spanish inhabitant of the island, also a sponge diver, looked upon the girl's devotion to the lad with jealous, menacing eyes. One day, when the two men were underneath the water cutting sponges from the rocks at the bottom, they were attacked by the terror of all divers, a huge sea bat. Carl leaped upon the monster as it was about to lunge at his companion and saved his life. Juan repaid him by cutting the signal rope that was his only hope of safety and thus prevented him from directing the men on the boat above to haul him up. When the sailors finally realized the danger and quickly raised Carl to the surface, they found his life had been crushed out by the sea bat. Nina's grief was uncontrollable. The loss of Carl turned her into a mad, wild creature and she became more and more devoted to the voodoo worship which the boy had pleaded with her to abandon and embrace, instead, the Christian faith as he had done under the instruction of the visiting missionary. Then one day a new minister came to San Fillipo. The moment he arrived Juan believed he recognized in him the convict who had escaped from the penal island and for whose recapture a large reward was offered. But he was not sure, so he spied on Reverend Sims's every movement, looking for some evidence that would turn belief into certainty. At this time, Nina, who never ceased to rage against the sea bat that had taken her sweetheart, offered to marry the man who would kill it. Many were the volunteers, for the beautiful wild young thing was the only white woman on the island. Akar, who had been Carl's assistant, was among the first to volunteer and, when he and his companions were brought back to shore, the life crushed out of their bodies, Nina began to awaken to a realization of what she had done, for she had been fond of Akar for his devotion to Carl. She sought comfort in the rites of the voodoos in the depths of the jungle as they performed their weird chants and dances about the body of the dead boy. Reverend Sims tried to coax her away but she fought him off. His religion was no good because her Carl had believed in it, had even worn the little crucifix clasped to his wrist and still the sea bat had gotten him. Finally, however, she could stand the weird voodoo rites no longer and screaming, "I didn't do it, I didn't do it," she ran out of the jungle and, not realizing where she was going, came to the cemetery where Reverend Sims was performing the burial services over the body of Akar's companion, a Corsican. Somehow the simple, forceful words which the minister read from his Bible comforted the remorse-stricken girl and quieted her wild ravings.)

"I never be afraid again," Nina whispered softly.

THE service over, the minister stood there, lost in the words he had just read. Then Antone moved over to him and put his hand on his shoulder. He started but, when he saw it was Antone, steeled himself.

"You have filled our souls, Signor Meenister," the other said pompously, "but my stomach is empty. Come and have supper with me."

Sims hesitated, his face working with emotion. Juan, who was standing near, watching the scene with narrowing eyes, laughed low, sneeringly.

"No, thanks, Antone," the minister said hurriedly. "I seem to have filled my own soul, too."

He turned hastily but, as he took a few steps forward, Juan stepped out, deliberately blocking his way so that he was forced to stop.

"Wot's the matter?" he questioned insinuatingly, "Don' you feel so good, Meester Meenister?"

"No, I don't," Sims said abruptly as he hurried by.

"Aw, lay off heem," advised his companion, the Greek. "Come on, let's get a dreenk."

"Not a bad suggestion," Antone assented quickly, and the three, accompanied by Maddocks, captain of the sponge schooner, started off for the saloon.

"Wot you got against the Bible houn'?" the Greek asked, surprised at the look of hatred in the Spaniard's face.

"Heem?" the other repeated. "He don' know no more about Bible than you do. You watch heem?"

"Wot I watch him for?" the Greek asked disgustedly. "I know what he look like."

Juan seized his arm in a tense grip.

"You ever see that mug before? You forget long time ago we meet French poleecemen from Devil's Island in boat—look for convict—show picture? But I not sure eet's heem."

"I fin' out queek," the Greek exclaimed excitedly.

"Yeh?" Juan grunted. "You fin' out too queek an' he tear your hide to ribbons. Remember what they say—he rob ships all over sea, get caught at Barbados—break out at Devil's Island an' nobody fin' heem no more? They geeve big reward—"

"Eef that's heem, I keel him," the Greek interrupted.

This is an adaptation of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen presentation of the story by Dorothy Yost. Bess Meredyth and John Howard Lawson wrote the scenario and Wesley Ruggles directed, with Raquel Torres appearing as Nina, Charles Bickford as Reverend Sims, Nils Asther as Carl, George F. Marion as Antone, John Miljan as Juan, Boris Karloff as the Corsican, Gibson Gowland as Limey, Edmund Breese as Maddocks, Mathilde Comont as Mimba and Mack Swain as Dutchy.

Again Juan's iron grip fastened itself upon his companion's arm.

"Eef we keel heem, we loose twelve t'ousan' francs reward." The Greek now had his knife in his hand and Juan patted it with a cynical laugh. "Put that away—dangerous to move queek with that devil. Wait teel I make sure."

MEANWHILE, at the edge of the jungle, Nina was crouching on her hands and knees, staring straight ahead of her with a new look in her eyes. Finally she got noislessly to her feet, then started slowly toward the grave as though drawn there by a magnet. At its edge she stood looking down, troubled, fascinated, hypnotized. Finally she reached forward and touched it hesitatingly, every muscle tense. At that moment a slight wind blew through the jungle trees, swishing and cracking the branches. The girl looked up in terror, her whole body atremble. Plainly to her ears came whispering voices:

"You did it! You did it! You did it!"

With a horrified shriek, she backed away from the grave and crouched down in fear.

"No, no, I deedn't," she sobbed.

Terror-stricken as the voices continued, she looked around her, then, with another blood-curdling shriek, rose and started to run. Like a mad, hunted thing she crashed through the jungle. At every step she looked over her shoulder as though she were being pursued. Suddenly she came to a halt, staring in horror at something ahead of her. In a little path where the moonlight filtered down to the ground, the twisted gnarled jungle trees seemed to have taken the shape of human beings, the half formed outlines of menacing, accusing figures, reaching claw-like branches toward her. She was frozen to the spot for a moment, almost gibbering in her terror. Then she started off in the other direction, flying from these ghosts. At the edge of the jungle she increased her speed until she reached the sand on the beach where she fell down exhausted, in an agony of fear.

"Go away, go away," she implored the imaginary pursuing figures.

But there was no escape. She started to her feet again, then something caught her eye—the lighted window of the minister's shack, sending out its reflection over the night waters. A gleam of hope came into her eyes as she ran quickly forward.

SIMS was pacing up and down the floor in a state of violent nerves, oppressed by the heat of the tropics. He stopped beside a chest of drawers and, taking out a half-empty rum bottle, drank freely. Then he tore off his black coat and threw it in the corner with a grunt of disgust. He was through with the minister's garb forever. His one thought was to escape before it was too late. Clenching his hands nervously, he tried to figure it out. Then again he lifted the bottle and drained it. At that moment a violent pounding sounded on his door and from outside came Nina's voice:

"Meester Holy Man! Meester Holy Man!"

Noiselessly he slipped the bolt on the door and threw it open. Terrified, Nina stumbled into the room and ran toward the light on the table, her teeth chattering, her lips pale. Sims stood looking at her in amazement as, with a frightened glance over her shoulder at the open door, she pleaded:

"Close that door, close it."

Sims noiselessly slipped the bolt back into place, then returned to her side.

"What's the matter with you?" he questioned.

She pointed through the window.

"There're out there, staring at me," came through her chattering teeth, "ghosts with glassy eyes, ghosts of men I've killed."

Sims was beginning to understand and he spoke with tolerant amusement as if to a child.

"Oh, you didn't kill anybody, Nina. There's no one outside."

Still unconvinced, she rushed to the window and stood staring out in horror.

"There ees, I tell you! Look! See theem with their drowned faces." Trembling with terror she clung to him. "Make 'em go away."

"Nothing but shadows out there," he told her sternly. "Stop this nonsense."

The girl broke into a storm of convulsive sobbing.

"They are there!" she shrieked. "Look! Shut them out! Shut them out!"

She covered her face with her hands and dropped down, exhausted, at his feet. He stood looking at her with a whimsical, tolerant smile. But the smile died on his lips as her waist slipped from her rounded shoulder, revealing the suggestive curve of her lithe young figure. She was startlingly beautiful with the dark hair falling about her face, now white in its terror. There was a moment's dead silence, then he slowly bent over her, his hands gripping her elbows in a clasp of steel. His voice trembled with emotion as he said:

"You're all right now, Nina. Nothing is going to hurt you." He lifted her to her feet and his hands slid from her arms around her back. She looked up at him trustingly, hope in her eyes.

"Nina—feel—safe—with you," she murmered softly.

"You do, huh?" He laughed at himself as he sat her down in a chair, kindly but firmly.

"Your God help Nina?"

This was a sudden shock to him, this mention of his God.

"What!" he roared in amazement. She misinterpreted his tone for one of anger and put her hand on his arm, prayerfully trying to explain.

"Out there in the jungle I hear your voice. You speak holy words, words that went up to the stars like song."

"You—you mean you heard me read the prayer out there?" he questioned wonderingly.

She nodded.

"Your God ees angry with Nina. You tell Heem Nina will change."

"Oh," he returned with a harsh laugh. "So you think I've got a private wire to the Almighty?"

"Your God hear you 'cause you are wise and strong." She clung to him, pleading. "You help Nina?" Her eyes fell on the Bible on the table. "You got magic book, holy book. Eet say terror at night cannot touch Nina."

Sims shook his head in sudden weariness, the better side of his nature touched by her appeal.

"No, you got me wrong, Nina," he said gently. "I can't help you that way."

She picked up the Bible and held it up to him imploringly.

"You can—eet ees here. Read eet to me." He took the Book from her hand and stood fumbling its pages. "Let me hear your voice," she begged piteously.

He hesitated a moment, struggling with his own conscience, then he placed the Bible back on the table.

"No, I can't do it."

(*Continued on page* 23)

A Boy Cinderella

By HAROLD DAVIS EMERSON

EVERY once in so often some producer makes a find that sets filmdom agog and brings some unknown into fame over night. Some pictures are especially adapted to the establishment of stars and chief among them is "Tol'able David" which, as a silent drama, made Richard Barthelmess and Ernest Torrence. Now the story is to be brought to the screen as a talking picture and we discover the title rôle given to an unknown, a lad who is considered one of the greatest finds of the audible screen.

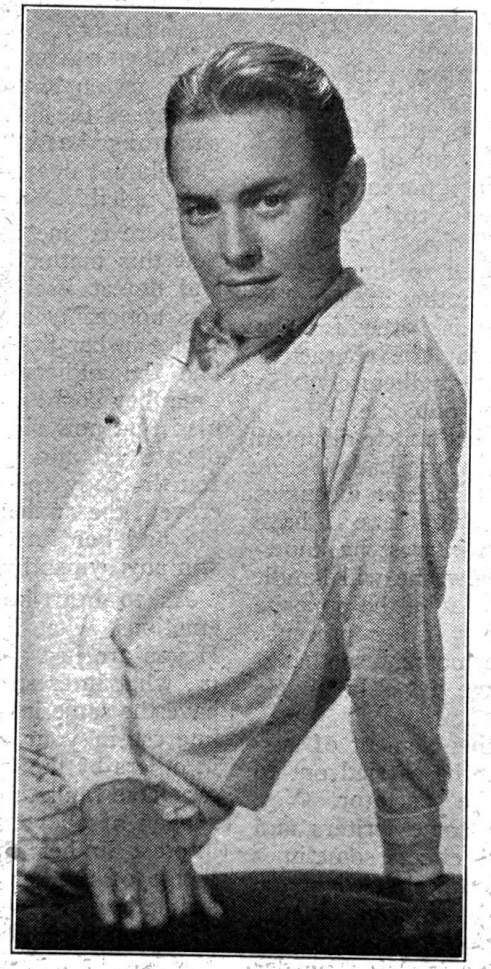
Picture to yourself a modest, magnetic artist of twenty years, with a striking resemblance to Charles Ray. The lad is attached to his mother and dreaming of the day when he will be earning enough to permit her to retire as secretary in a large concern in Long Beach, California. As he works on the decorations of the Hollywood Pantages Theatre, he dreams of becoming a great star, but has no idea how he is to break into the movies. It is the same dream that thousands of young men and women have had and one which is realized by only a few.

With these thoughts in mind, Richard Cromwell, for that is the young man's name, followed the motion picture columns of newspapers and read fan magazines, hoping to discover a clew. He was rewarded by reading that Columbia Pictures was in search of a youth for the rôle of David in the famous *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Tol'able David," by Joseph Hergeshimer. Believing himself ideally suited for the part, Richard sat down at his desk and sent his application to Columbia Pictures, relating in detail just why he thought himself the lad for the rôle.

When Harry Cohn, vice-president in charge of production at the Columbia Studios, received Richard's letter among the thousands that came to his desk, he was immediately impressed. He believed that the young man had possibilities and decided to interview him.

Richard thrilled as few young persons may when he received a call to the Columbia Studio. He was nervous. Who would not be when bound on such a mission? But, controlling that excitement, was a belief that he would succeed, a self-confidence and a determination to make good.

After a lengthy interview, Cromwell was turned over to acting instructors and directors, who prepared him for that most trying of all ordeals—a screen test. In about a hundred feet of audible film, taken before the most critical eyes, he had to make good or fail utterly. It was the turning point in his life.



Columbia Pictures is betting on its new find, Richard Cromwell, who will play the lead in the talking version of "Tol'able David".

The test was filed with hundreds of others of ambitious extras, seasoned players and established stars. There were literally miles of film to be viewed by the judges before a decision was possible.

Richard, the unknown, the inexperienced, the lad of conviction, came away with honors. His screen test was the high light of the miles of film. When the summons came to return to the studio for a second interview, Cromwell was probably the most astounded person in Hollywood. He could scarcely believe his ears when he was informed that he had been selected from all the applicants for the rôle of *David*. For several moments, he sat motionless, speechless, amazed. Then, recovering himself, he did the most natural thing in the world—he rushed to a telephone and called his mother. He asked her to come right over to the studio to sign the contract, for Richard, being under age, had to have her signature. His mother replied that she could not come just then as she was taking dictation from her employer.

"Never mind your job there, Mother," the lad told her. "You won't have to work any more."

When mother and son met, Mrs. Cromwell exclaimed:

"Richard, you accomplish things just as your father did."

The boy's father was the inventor of the monoflyer airplane amusement novelty used at many parks and beaches. Richard is also a distant relative of Howard Chandler Christy, the artist, which may account for his leaning toward the paint brush. In addition to his other talents, he has specialized in portrait masks of the type made popular by the artist, W. T. Benda.

Columbia is enthusiastic over its new player and Harry Cohn, who has discovered and developed many stars, declares that Richard Cromwell will prove the greatest find in years.

Lives of the Great

(*Continued from page 9*)

such pictures as "Little Old New York," "Janice Meredith," "Yolanda," "Zander the Great," "Lights of Old Broadway," "Beverly of Graustark," "The Red Mill," "The Cardboard Lover," "The Patsy," "Show People," "Marianne" and "The Florodora Girl".

Marion is a natural blonde. She has blue eyes and a fair complexion, which, during the summer months, is quite frankly overlaid with freckles. She loves outdoor sports and practical jokes, but, nevertheless, finds time for some serious reading and a great deal of charitable work.

Our School of Scenario Writing

Conducted by ANNE MAXWELL

LESSON ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN
(Reviewed)

Suspense? Emotion? Heart-Interest?

SOME of my correspondents have given me a pretty large order, for they have asked about how best to bring about all of the elements mentioned in the title.

Obviously, questions like this cannot be answered except very broadly, for every case differs from every other and demands somewhat different treatment.

In the matter of suspense, I have always taken the stand that in most plots the audience should be in on the know, as they say, so as to be able to watch the reactions of the characters to this very element of suspense. When an audience is kept too much in ignorance of the outcome and when the climax comes as a surprise to them, too often the action passes so quickly that they cannot take it all in. Suspense can be sustained so long that it defeats its own purpose. Except in plays that are frankly mystery plays, it seems to me that it is better for the audiences to know what fate holds for the characters so as to be able to watch the characters themselves in their ignorance and suspense over the outcome.

As a case in point, I'll cite again that much disputed scene from "The School for Scandal", where Lady Teazle is concealed behind the screen while *Sir Peter* discusses the situation with some of the other characters. I have always held that the audience gains in interest by knowing that she is there and wondering how she will handle the situation. But there are many who take the opposite side and claim that it would be better if her presence were unknown to the audience at the moment so that it might come as a surprise later. I have never been able to agree with this viewpoint.

But there is one sure thing about this element of suspense and that is that it should never be carried out to the extent of puzzling or confusing the spectator. Yes, I know without being reminded that some writers and some directors in an effort to get new effects sometimes err in this respect and leave the audience startled at the outcome and rather wondering how it all came about.

I recall one recent case where a young man, seemingly guilty and about to be convicted, was on trial for murder when the really guilty man who was unknown to the audience was introduced and made a confession. The surprise to the audience was so great that they lost the chance to appreciate the joy and surprise that came to the innocent hero and his loyal wife. In my own case, I'd much rather have known of the existence of this character so as to have been ready to appreciate the reactions of the characters to joyful surprise and relief.

Concerning how to work up to emotional scenes, it's hard to say anything definite. In order to write successfully about human emotions, it is obviously necessary for an aspiring playwright to study them, to watch carefully the actions and reactions of his fellows to certain emotions and to use this knowledge in writing his play. The late James P. Cogan, my predecessor in these columns, said on this subject of arousing emotions:

"It may be that human nature is naturally very sympathetic. Emotional situations invariably have a reflex action on spectators. During tense situations, an audience is unnaturally quiet—all attention—deeply absorbed—sympathizing with the oppressed actor—condemning the one who causes the mischief. Or the emotion expressed may be that of joy, in which case the person who aroused the sentiment comes in for the kindly regard of the spectators. In a word, an actor working up to an emotional scene generally has the major part of an audience ' with him'. Knowing this, scenario writers should pay close attention to such characterizations."

And later:

"When a scene has been worked up to show love, hate, rage, jealousy, contrition, despair, hope, disappointment or any of the intermediate feelings, the action should be so arranged as to give full play to the emotion expressed. But do not overdo such a scene. Maudlin sentiment is to be avoided. Unnatural emotions should be shunned."

There is one thing sure about the above, and that is that this matter of arousing emotions can be overdone and defeat itself. I remember one play in which this was noticeably a fault. The pretty heroine made a bad choice in her first husband. When she divorced him, she had the audience with her. She married again. This time they could not help liking and approving and feeling glad that now she was appreciated. But, when she grew dissatisfied and left him for another and there was a fourth ready to give her the love and appreciation she craved, the audience grew tired. Her subsequent suffering and her final forgiveness by her husband failed to win any sympathy. The whole thing had been overdone.

As to heart-interest, which is akin to arousing the emotions, what is it that gets your own heart-interest? If you are just an ordinary human being like the rest of us, what interests you and gains your sympathy should have the same interest for all of us. If you have genuine interest in your characters, try to arouse such interest in others by the way you describe them. If your characters have faults, make them forgivable faults. In the play spoken of above, the young mother displayed very little interest in her child by her first marriage. Now, the theme of mother love is so ingrained in all of us that sympathy for her was largely alienated by this fault. There may have been women in the audience who, if the case had been their own, would have put romance before mother love, but they did not put the romance of another before her mother love. There are many things we would forgive and condone in ourselves that would bar out all sympathy for a character in a play. That is one of the

(*Continued on page* 25)

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Consult MYSTIC MYRA

She Sees All, Hears All, Knows All, and, If She Doesn't, She'll Find Out

No, Dorothy Mackaill hasn't gone into the shoe business as a side line. She simply took a few minutes off between scenes of her First National production, "Bright Lights," to give her interpretation of the vivid verses, "Boots! Boots! Boots!" written by her countryman, Rudyard Kipling.

J. F.: Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels) are living in their own home in Beverley Hills and both are working in pictures. Ben may be seen in "A Soldier's Plaything" in which Harry Langdon scores a come-back. Bebe is to appear with Douglas Fairbanks in "Reaching for the Moon". Irving Berlin wrote the music for it and Edmund Goulding is directing.

For Doug, Jr.: So are we. He is coming rapidly to the front ranks of screen actors; in fact, since "Little Accident," he has arrived. In this adaptation of the stage play, he proves himself a rare comedian with the light, deft touch of a seasoned player. Comedy, you know, is more difficult to play perfectly than melodrama. "Little Accident" opened at the Globe Theatre on Broadway early in August. Sally Blane plays opposite Fairbanks, and Zazu Pitts scores as the nurse of *Little Accident*, as the baby is called.

Barbara Stanwyck admirer: Yes, Miss Stanwyck was excellent in the screen version of Belasco's play, "Ladies of the Evening," brought to the screen by Columbia Pictures under the title, "Ladies of Leisure." For her good work in this she has been assigned the leading rôle in "The Miracle Woman" soon to be produced by the same company. This is a version of the stage play, "Bless You Sister," in which Alice Brady played the lead. Miss Stanwyck, who has been vacationing abroad with her husband, Frank Fay, will soon return to Hollywood to begin work in the picture. This is the latest news we have of her.

Comedy Fan: Your taste for the light and amusing may be pleased by Ed Wynn in "Manhattan Mary" made during the summer at Paramount's New York Studio. Ed Wynn is one of the most irresistibly comic figures on the New York stage, with an incurable passion for queer hats. You will like him. Also, you may soon see at your home town theatre another favorite fun-maker of Broadway, Joe Cook. His comedy, "Rain or Shine," was recently released.

Playgoer: Since you live in New York you will have the pleasure of seeing several of your screen favorites on the stage this year. Mary Pickford has at last decided to return temporarily to the footlights. You know, as a very young girl, she played under Belasco in "The Warrens of Virginia". She will return under the management of Arch Selwyn.

Colleen Moore, whose gift for comedy is a really rare one in spite of her juvenile screen rôles, is to make her debut on Broadway in a play by Benjamin Glazer, written to fit her talents. Ought to be better than good.

Vilma Banky and her husband, Rod La Rocque, will appear together on the New York stage in a play adapted from the Hungarian by John Emerson and Anita Loos. "How to Be Happy" is the title. Vilma recently spent several weeks in Paris conferring with Miss Loos on details of the play. She has not appeared on the stage before, having played only in pictures in Budapest where Sam Goldwyn found her. Rod acted on the stage for several years.

Helping Hearts Club

Conducted by ROSEMARY LEE

Pals O'Mine:

This morning's mail brought sadness with it. Pine Tree Press was one of our new pals. Perhaps you recall his very interesting letter that appeared in the issue of July 22nd. Letters were just beginning to come in for him and on my desk this morning the postman left the first one I had forwarded to him returned with the word "Deceased" written across the envelope. This is the first time, to my knowledge, one of our members has been called to the Shadow Land. I have been wondering about him all day. Even in the midst of his busy life as a newspaper reporter, he was always seeking his ideal in friendship, always searching for the perfect companionship. His is the first card we have had to take from our club file and this before he had had an opportunity to enjoy a single letter from one of our members. But we know that he has found now the ideals he was searching for here on earth, has realized the perfection that he dreamed about as he pounded out his newspaper stories. When the uncertainty of life is brought home to us as forcibly as it is today, does it not make us pause a moment to consider whether we are taking advantage of every golden moment to build up those friendships that cannot die as long as memory lives?

Your ROSEMARY LEE.

Dear Miss Rosemary:

I have just experienced a very bitter disappointment in life which has caused me to turn to your Helping Hearts Club for some much needed heart-help. To be frank, I'm hoping that I'll find it. Even though I may appear bitter and a bit cynical in this letter, it is not what I want to appear. And I hope that, if my lengthy letter is published, you and all who read it will please try to understand and forgive me.

I'm going to be a bit personal in telling you why I happen to feel this way when it is so much against my desire. When a young man, who has lived through twenty-five winters and summers—some good and some not so good—who is very much an idealist and sentimentalist with the very highest of ideals, principles, morals, hopes and ambitions, devotes almost two years of his life so generously in every respect, building up all of his hopes, ideals, ambitions and principles around one of the more desirable sex, only to find in the end that his most sincere efforts have all been very much in vain—well, perhaps you will understand.

I feel as though I had built a truly beautiful castle with but one post for a foundation, fighting all the while so valiantly to protect and guard the castle which meant so much to me, and then some one cut down the post. My castle came tumbling down, crashing into bits of nothingness all the materials I had used to build it. I'm thinking that, had I built my castle on a hundred posts for a foundation and some one had cut down just one post, it wouldn't have mattered nearly so much. My castle may have wobbled a bit, but I'm quite sure it would not have crashed as it has now. Can I possibly be right, Miss Rosemary?

And now, I must tell you that I've always been so lonesome for some one who could be a pal, some one who would care and really mean it, some one who knew the value of true devotion and companionship of a man who tried to be and who is trying to be worth-while for some one who is intellectual, who is interested in music, swimming, dancing, dramatics, shows, hiking, writing and singing, some one who can appreciate the value of teamwork in working in harmony to accomplish that goal in life which we are all after—happiness. Perhaps there may be some in your club who feel very much as I do but who haven't been so serious and frank about it. I wonder! Would they write?

I may seem too serious. But it is not natural. You just don't know me when I am natural. It's the particular mood I'm in right at the moment. I'm full of fun and jolly as can be when I am natural, but, on the other hand (there are also five fingers), I must have my fun along with my more serious moments.

I'm really not bad looking, either, Miss Rosemary. I have light hair, and have managed to hold on to 133 pounds of good, fresh (no, not fish) flesh. That's almost a tongue-twister, isn't it?

I'm taller than five feet and five inches by one inch,—making a total of five and one half feet in stature.

Oh, yes, I did forget to tell you about my job. I'm a sales promotion man for a large publishing house and expect to get a promotion shortly.

And, since I am a promotion man, I wonder if this letter could promote some of the ladies between twenty-two and twenty-five who might be interested into the idea of corresponding with me.

Honest, Miss Rosemary, if some fair fairy doesn't come to my rescue soon before I lose all my faith, I'll jump off the front porch and break my already fallen arches.

Won't some one please sail by in a real good ship and carry me off to a desert island? And, if we get there, I can be romantic.

I'm going to be so happy, Miss Rosemary, when this letter goes to print (gee, I certainly do feel confident that you are going to print it real soon) because I just know there must be a lot of others who might have had a bitter experience and, having had it, could and would understand.

I manage to keep pretty busy, but I'll promise faithfully to answer any and every letter I receive. Thanks loads for all you've done to make me happy. And I'll thank you again later.

Most sincerely,
Tired Teddy from St. Louis.

P.S.:—I almost forgot to tell you that I'd like to hear from some young ladies near Missouri. You don't have to show me because my home is in Ohio.

But, Tired Teddy, there is a wonderful satisfaction in having been constant to an ideal, no matter how things turn out. Don't you really think this is true? And then don't blame the ideal too much. With the passage of time, changes come in one's mental make-up, in one's tastes and desires even for friends. These changes are often due to factors over which we, the individuals, have absolutely no control and for which we should not be blamed. I have heard the accusation of fickleness and even ingratitude made so many times where I know it has not been deserved that I have learned to take a very broad view of the matter. True, had you built your castle on a hundred posts, as you suggest, it would not

have crashed as it has now, just wobbled. But the other ninety-nine posts would always have been in view, marring the beauty of the structure—and who wants a wobbly castle anyway? Rather ruins softened by the misty haze of a past romance.

And, Teddy, do you think to give daily thanks for that ever-saving grace with which you are gifted, a delicious sense of humor? What a wonderful blessing it is always to be able to laugh *with* people and *at* things. It is the folks that laugh at people and grumble at things that are such thorns in the side of the world.

I am glad that promotion is coming along shortly, Teddy. I believe I am not far from right when I express the opinion that ability must share with your high ideals the credit for your climb upward.

Here's hoping that your Big Chief may prove the fair fairy that is destined to save those fallen arches from being jarred!

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Just as so many others have told you, I, too, wish to say that only last night, quite by accident, I gained an introduction to your most delightful department of an equally entertaining magazine. Leisurely reading over the letters of the July 22, 1930 issue, I happened to come across the one signed "Just Bill." It really seems like Kismet, but, difficult as it may be to believe, madame, it seems to have been indited by a friend of mine, of whom I lost track about a year ago. Please, Miss Lee, won't you, by forwarding the enclosed letter to the writer of this letter, help me prove to myself that it truly is this person whose friendship was of great enjoyment in the comparatively recent past? I assure you, your kindness will be greatly appreciated.

Kindly excuse the pen and ink penmanship as a typewriter is just at present unavailable. Soon your department will assume an appearance of a Bureau of Missing Persons, almost, will it not? *Merci beaucoup, madame, je suis trés obligé.*

Very sincerely,
Sandra.

I shall be anxious to hear, Sandra, whether or not "Just Bill" is your Bill or just another Bill. And so will all the pals. You'll write to the club and let us know, won't you?

My dear Mrs. Lee:

I purchased a copy of your magazine yesterday and I was amazed at all the lonely boys and girls of my age. I, too, decided that I need your aid in securing pen pals, for I am a lonely school girl in Pennsylvania.

My description is blonde hair, brown eyes, fair complexion, weight 108 pounds, five feet four inches in height and seventeen years old. I am a Junior in the Ashland High School and I take the commercial or business course. I am of German descent.

I would appreciate hearing from all lonely pen pals.

Lonely Sis of Pa.

Lonely Sis is one of the patient ones, pals, so please give her a great big handful of letters.

Dear Miss Lee:

Will you make room for another lonely heart? I am seventeen, small of height, and have brown curly hair. I am what you'd call *petite.* I am fond of sports such as swimming, etc. When I read your column, I decided to belong to this wonderful club as I long for associates.

One young man wrote something in the column in the form of an ad. "Girls wanted, seventeen or over, opposite sex, and of Jewish nationality." Well, here I am! Now what? That's how I'd like to answer F of Pa., and anyone else in the Helping Hearts Club. Come on, pen pals, write to a lonesome girl.

Just Curly from Conn.

Room has been made, Curly, and here you are!

My dear Rosemary Lee:

I have always believed that Friday was a rather unlucky day—at least, folks who are interested in the theatrical world say so—but from now on I do not believe it. To-day is Friday and a lucky one for me. Mother being rather busy, I decided to do my "good deed" and pay attention to her business, which happens to be a sort of second-hand news agent—by which I mean that we sell back numbers of American and English magazines. Hence my lucky day! I picked up a copy of M. P. S. and have now read six. Your club naturally took my eye as I am very interested in reading letters, especially when they are so spontaneous as are those written in your magazine.

Miss Lee, may I pester you to the extent of asking your kindness in printing my plea for pen pals? I am of Jewish faith. I live in England. Does that make any difference or are English girls permitted to join your interesting club?

I am twenty-three years of age, tall, slim, dark hair and eyes and am always being told that I am in every way Dolores Del Rio's double. That is I think because my hair is growing and therefore has been drawn severely down my face.

I am a stenographer at one of the most prominent music halls in Birmingham, my home-town. I just love my work.

I am hoping that this letter receives your kind consideration and I conclude with best wishes for your Helping Hearts Club and likewise for the magazine.

Yours sincerely,
Trudie of Birm.

Your letter proved of great interest to me, Trudie. Ever since I have been connected with the magazine, I have watched the bags leave our building marked, "C. A. Ransom, 26 Paternoster Row, London, England." In the first place, the music of the "Paternoster" caught my imagination, then I began to follow those magazines on their long voyage across the ocean. When Little Fellar, the office cat, has come in out of the rain and blithely left four little tracks across the work on my desk, I have said:

"Villain, the next time this happens, I'm going to put you right in a bag and ship you over to Paternoster Row."

Several times I have heard the office manager say:

"Here's another cable from C. A. Ransom. Wants twenty thousand more M. P. S.'s as soon as we can get them to him."

Then I have begun to wonder who are the people over there who like our little magazine so much and I have pictured them striding along through the London fog with M. P. S. tucked under their arms. You see, Trudie, I have woven quite a romance about you. And then here you pop right out at me from a letter bearing the English stamp. Do you see why I am so interested?

Certainly English girls may join and we are tickled to have you. To correspond with folks from other lands broadens our interests, makes us feel at one with the world. And, in the final analysis, this oneness, begun in even this small way, might grow into something that would prevent a recurrence of the terrible thing that happened to our countries some few years back and of which we are daily reminded by the wrecks of splendid manhood that are passing

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Common Clay

(*Continued from page* 5)

to be decent but he wouldn't let her. If he hadn't told Hugh about her, the boy would never have made any advances.

The door opened and father and son entered the room. At sight of Hugh, all the anger faded from Ellen's eyes.

"Oh, why did you let them treat me like this?" she asked piteously. "Why did you let them hire detectives to dig up all this terrible stuff about me? Why did you let them offer me money to keep my mouth shut? I know," she concluded sadly. "You're ashamed of me, ashamed of your baby. You don't want anyone to know you made love to a servant. I didn't come here to fight. I just wanted to see you, that's all. I couldn't understand what was the matter. I would have done anything you asked me to until you let them throw this in my face, let them try to scare me into a settlement in order to protect the sacred name of the Fullertons. Now I'm going to protect myself and my baby. You tell them about me and I'll tell them about you. You tell them about the speakeasy and I'll tell them about your home. One is just as bad as the other. The people dance the same kind of steps to the same kind of music, drink the same kind of liquor, smoke the same kind of cigarettes, tell the same terrible jokes, do the same terrible things. Only, in your case, it's under cover. Well, I'm going to tell it in court and we're going to have plenty of spectators and reporters there."

Then she directed Yates to get warrants for both of them, for Hugh and for Bud Coakley.

BUT Ellen was mistaken. The combined influences of Richard Fullerton and Judge Filson secured a trial behind closed doors.

In order to prove the case against Bud Coakley, it was necessary to establish Ellen's age. And, to do this, Yates put the gentle, sweet-faced Mrs. Neal on the stand. She readily testified that Ellen was a minor at the time of the weekend trip with Coakley. Then Yates attempted to prove by Mrs. Neal's story that up to that point Ellen had been a good, home-loving girl. The mother willingly went back over her childhood, told of Ellen's ambition to educate herself, of her attempt to rise above the environment in which she had been brought up. Yes, she had been awfully smart and a model young girl—until she began to run around with the speakeasy crowd.

Then Judge Filson took the witness. All he wanted to do was to prove that it was perfectly natural for her to defend her daughter's character and that, therefore, her testimony should not be given much weight.

"Mrs. Neal, being Ellen's mother, you're not likely to go out of your way to say anything against her?"

"But you don't understand, sir," the little old lady told him.

"Don't understand what?" the attorney repeated. "I understand that you're the mother of this girl, aren't you?"

"I haven't said here that I am her mother, sir."

The voice was sweet, gentle, but it had the effect of a bomb exploding in the court room.

Then she told her story. She really felt the same as Ellen's mother, but, in fact, she wasn't. She had promised her real mother never to let Ellen know but, since she had sworn on the Bible to tell the truth, she felt it her duty to break that promise. She had been with the young mother when the baby was born and she had begged her to adopt the child and give it her name and a real chance in the world. The father was a big man with a future before him. If he knew what had happened, he would want to marry her to set it right and that would ruin him.

"'Nothing must stand in his way,' she said," the sweet, timid voice went on. "'He mustn't even know that a child was ever born.' She didn't even tell me who he was and I don't know to this day. I took the baby and promised to keep her. A few days later, they found her body in the river. She didn't want to stand in that man's way. But you can't say, lawyer, that the child came of any bad lot," she declared, referring to Judge Filson's former suggestion when he heard that the little old lady was not the girl's mother that you couldn't expect much from those who come from a bad lot. "Men like you might call her mother bad but her father was one of the biggest men in this city. So her mother said and so I believe. But that ain't saying he'll be any bigger or better than Ruth Joyce in the Kingdom Come."

Ellen wept unrestrainedly all through Mrs. Neal's testimony. Her whole world had crumbled about her. The news that the dear little woman she had adored from babyhood was really no relation to her was even a greater shock than that Hugh Fullerton was repudiating his own child. In fact, everyone of the little group was deeply moved by this new development. Judge Filson looked so ill that the presiding magistrate readily granted his request when he asked for a recess until after luncheon.

The tension broke; a relieved murmur went through the group. Then nerves became taut again as Ellen, herself, turning the baby over to Mrs. Neal, hurried up to the judge's bench. Her clear young voice rang through the court room as she declared that she was going to drop the case and asked His Honor to let the two men go free.

"I've learned from my mother's life," she concluded. "When she went down, she didn't drag anyone down with her and, when my father went up, he didn't take anyone up with him. I want to be as she was."

THE next day Ellen was surprised by a summons to Judge Filson's office. Why must they continue to torture her when she had declared her intention of letting the matter drop? But she obeyed the summons and found both Hugh and his father in the judge's private room.

But it was not to continue the case that the attorney had sent for her. He had astounding news and he broke it to her gently. He was the one for whom Ruth Joyce had given her life rather than cast a blot on his name. He was her father. To prove it, he handed her a letter written by her mother just before she took her own life. But, even then, she had not told him there was a baby. Now that he had found her, he would spend the rest of his years making it up to her—and to her mother.

But Ellen was not rejoiced at the news as the little group had thought she would be. It was too late now, she told Filson, too late for her mother, too late for her. But she had the courage to go on fighting by herself now, just as her mother had done, strong in the knowledge that she had an ancestor of whom she could be so justly proud, a frail little woman who had won a battle all by herself. She didn't want the Fullerton name for her baby since she realized at last for how little it stood for; in fact, she would never let him know that he was related to people like them.

"You can keep your son, Mr. Fullerton, and I'll keep mine," she flung over her shoulder as she hurried to the door.

But Hugh Fullerton blocked her way. He had listened to his father long enough. Now he was going to be a man, to stand on his own feet. His child was never going to tell him it was too late, career or no career, family or no family.

"Oh, Ellen, you've got to give me another chance," he pleaded. "I've been ashamed of you but now I'm ashamed of myself. I love you, Ellen. Won't you give me your love again?"

She looked into his eyes and saw the old Hugh she had adored, grown strong now, reliable, protecting.

"I still love you, I always will. I can't help myself," she said gently. "If I stopped loving you, I'd have to stop loving my baby. You're both all mixed up in me somehow. I can never take him in my arms without thinking of you."

As Judge Filson gazed at her rapt face, listened to her courageous young voice, a new hope was born. With so much love, with so much forgiveness in her heart, might not time bring a father's share for him, too?

The Sea Bat

(*Continued from page* 16)

The girl leaned over and grasped the Book again.

"Please, Meester Holy Man, Nina need you." She placed the Book in his hand and slowly he opened it and started to read in a low voice:

" 'Because thou has made the Lord thy refuge, even the most high thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for He shall give his angels charge over thee in all thy ways.' "

The man's voice broke off but Nina stood spellbound, scarcely conscious that he had stopped reading, a radiant look lighting her face. In a hushed voice she repeated:

" 'E shall geev' his angels charge over me. 'E mean that for me?"

Their eyes met for a moment, hers pleading, trusting. Quietly, with deep sincerity, he answered:

"I hope He means it for both of us."

He left her side, strode across the room and, opening the door, stood looking out into the stillness of the night. Nina watched him a moment, then crossed to him, a peaceful look in her eyes. Like a child she reached out and touched his arm.

"I never be afraid again," she whispered softly.

He turned to her abruptly, the desire to take her in his arms almost overwhelming him. When he spoke again, his voice was harsh from the struggle.

"You'd better go, Nina."

She smiled up at him, still trustingly.

"Nina want to stay near you."

Sims paled as the battle raged within him, then he exploded with sudden nervousness:

"For the love of Mike, get out, Nina!" At the startled, frightened look in her eyes, he added quickly, "It's all right, Nina. I'm just tired, I guess. You'll be all right now. Good night."

She started away, then turned back to him in the moonlight and said softly:

"Good night, Meester Holy Man."

THE voodoo drums which had been sounding softly in the distance now became louder, more insistent. Sims brushed his hands across his eyes and turned back into the room, the weird rhythm visibly torturing his frayed nerves. He tore off the ministerial collar and threw it across the room, then turned to the chest of drawers and pulled out the rum bottle—only to discover it was empty. He hurled it crashing across the room, then strode out into the night without his coat or collar, leaving the door open. He hurried on through the pitch blackness with only one light to point the way, the light that came from the grog shop in the distance. As he neared it, he could hear the sound of laughter, of men's boisterous voices, singing. A figure appeared in the doorway, Antone, starting home, very drunk. He staggered down the steps and leaned against the door in the shadows. As Sims approached him, he threw him out of the way as if he were a sack of meal, left him sprawling helplessly in the mud and stalked into the grog shop. At a table near the bar, Juan, the Greek, Maddocks and a couple of others were playing poker but Sims did not seem to be aware of their presence. His eyes were riveted on the bar as he hurried over to it and started pounding angrily.

"Hey, you, service!" he commanded.

Maddocks was the first to become aware of his presence.

"Suffering cats, look who's here!" he exclaimed in amazement.

Then everyone turned to gaze at the uncouth figure they had seen only in the plain neat cloth of the cleric and every eye opened in astonishment. Dutchy, the bartender, somewhat bewildered, mechanically came forward to wait on him.

"Hand me that Three Star Hennessy," Sims ordered.

"That's purty strong stuff, parson," Dutchy warned good-naturedly.

"Thanks for the tip," Sims returned, throwing back his head and swallowing the contents of the glass at a gulp.

Juan, watching him with narrow eyes, muttered:

"That black coat acts like heem and straight whiskee was ole pals."

Low as it was, Sims overheard the remark.

"Why not?" he questioned, wheeling on the speaker. "Here in the tropics a man of the cloth has got to make his own rules."

"Huh, a man of the cloth!" Juan sneered.

"What do you make out of it?" Sims demanded, his anger completely overcoming his caution."

Juan's face distorted with fury and he made a move as though to draw his knife, but the Greek and Maddocks grabbed his arm.

"Wait—wait, not yet," the former warned.

"Yuh had it comin' to yuh," Maddocks said sternly. "Come on, mind your own business and git back to the game."

Sims turned away and resumed his drinking as Juan sulkily pushed his chair back from the table and shook his head.

"I don' play no more tonight."

"You quit now when you lose so much money?" Maddocks questioned, puzzled.

Juan gave a short, malicious laugh and fixed his eyes on Sim's back.

"What I care? *Canastos!* Mebbe I get plentee monee soon."

Sims, who had finished his drinks, caught the significance of his remark and regarded the speaker searchingly. Juan smiled easily and sauntered over to the bar.

"Some o' that rat gut, Dutchy," he ordered, then turned

to Sims, softly insinuating. "You look verra dif'rent without the collar an' the black coat." Sims paid no attention but ordered another drink. "Eet's the first time I ever see a meenister dreenk like a pirate."

"Listen, you, and get this straight!" Sims turned on him fiercely. "Lay off of me or I'll smash you wide open!"

With that, he threw a bill on the bar and hastened from the room.

Outside, the surf was breaking gently on the sandy shore and the sea was flooded with moonlight, giving it a strange, unreal beauty. A number of dories were tied to the pier. Sims hastily examined them, only to find there were no rudders or oars in any of them. With an oath, he jumped back to the pier and his foot touched the sleeping body of a native who was lying there. He woke up with a grunt.

"Where are the rudders and oars to these boats?" Sims demanded.

"Antone take 'em, lock 'em up so men can't go after sea bat," the native muttered sleepily.

Sims turned and looked off into the distance where Antone's house stood in perfect darkness, then he set his jaw grimly and hurried forward. As he threw the door open, the moonlight fell on the drunken figure of Antone sprawled across the table, asleep, an empty bottle beside him.

"Antone, Antone, I want a boat, do you hear me?" Sims shook him violently but he soon saw there was no hope of arousing him. He stood beside him a moment, his gaze wandering around the room until it fell on the rope ladder swaying ever so slightly in a shaft of moonlight. He strode toward it and, after a moment's hesitation, quickly ascended and lifted the trap door that gave entrance to the room above, Nina's room. It was in total darkness except for the moonlight which sifted across the bed and revealed the girl's sleeping figure. She was only lightly covered, her slim legs were bare and her neck and shoulders gleamed in the soft light. Noiselessly Sims crossed the room and stood looking down upon her.

(To be continued in Moving Picture Stories dated September 23)

Dancing Sweeties

(Continued from page 8)

there was one in the world. The contest was on now, Jerry Brown announced, and, oh, folks, what a contest! The prize was a gold cup. The orchestra struck up again and Molly's feet tapped in rhythm to the tune. Suddenly the music died away. She heard the applause and pictured Jerry holding the cup over the heads of the competing couples for the public to make the choice. Then she caught her breath with a stifled little sob as Jerry's voice rang in her ears:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me pleasure to announce that you have selected as the winner of the golden cup your old favorites, Bill Cleaver and Jazzbo Gans."

MOLLY was waiting for Bill when he got home, her face pale, her eyes disillusioned. But, even in the face of the radio announcement, Bill denied that he had been at the dance hall. Jerry Brown had stopped at the soda fountain that day and they had talked over old times. Perhaps that was why he had made the mistake of announcing him as the winner, that is, if Molly was sure she had heard the announcement right.

The little wife wanted to believe him. Perhaps there has been a mistake. Perhaps——

There was a knock at the door. The young hopeful from the adjoining apartment stuck his head in, grinning.

"Say, Mr. Cleaver, you left this outside the door. Ma sent me in with it. She was afraid some one might steal it."

He held out the gold cup!

Molly's faith in Bill was shattered now. She felt she could never believe him again. He came home from the store next day to find that she had packed up her things and gone back to her mother's. He tried to see her, but the whole family guarded her against him. He couldn't stand the apartment any longer. Every nook and corner was filled with the ghost of the dark-haired little girl he loved so dearly and had lost—for the sake of a gold cup. He sent the furniture to storage and the "TO LET" sign was placed on the little honeymoon nest.

BILL never realized that evenings could be so lonely. He began to dread to see the sun go down—and now, when it did, he returned to his old haunt, Hoffman's Dance Palace. But the joy had gone out of dancing. Even the silver cups looked like tin to his eyes. But still he continued his nightly visits. Molly, too, came there one evening with Needles as her escort. Nights were lonely for her, also—and perhaps she was longing for a glimpse of Bill, though she cleverly avoided him when he tried to speak to her. She was gay and her eyes were bright with feigned enjoyment. Many dancers turned to smile at the sweet, wistful little face and, when the contest was over, she and Needles were proclaimed the winners, while Bill and Jazzbo stood disconsolately by.

A moment later, Bill rushed from the dance hall. He just couldn't stand the look of triumph that Needles threw his way as he tucked Molly's arm in his and led her to a corner for refreshments—to the same corner that had witnessed the budding of his own romance. Scarcely realizing where he was going, he wandered to the little apartment where the "TO LET" sign still flauntered its message of failure. He paused at the entrance. Evans, their next door neighbor, whose wife had been expecting her baby the night Molly and he had had their final quarrel hurried down the street. He saw the disconsolate figure in the shadow and stopped.

"Oh, hello, Bill," he greeted. "Gee, you ought to see my kid! Come up and take a look at him. The wife will be tickled to see you."

Bill was in no mood to enthuse over a baby, anybody's baby. But Evans had him by the arm now and was drawing him up the steps. Gee, couldn't he realize what it would mean to him to pass by his own little apartment, his and Molly's. Somehow he managed to show the proper appreciation of the little pink and white bundle that Mrs. Evans held out to his gaze. Sure it was a sweet baby! Sure he had no doubt it was the sweetest in the world!

Finally he managed to break away from the happy young mother and father. On the way down the hall he turned the knob of his own little apartment. The door opened to his touch and he walked in, timidly, reverently, as if he were entering a sanctuary—and it was, a sanctuary of his own dead dreams and hopes. Gee, how cozy it had been and how barren it was now! There in the center of the living-room had stood the little table. He

could see Molly sitting there, darning his socks, the shaded light above her head bringing out bronze tints in the soft silken bob. Her eyes were raised to his now and she was asking him how business was at the store. Gee, he couldn't stand it! It was enough to drive a fellow crazy. He passed his hands across his eyes and started for the door. From the room beyond, Molly's room, came a light patter of feet and the next moment he was clasping a girl in his arms, a girl who came just to his heart, exactly the proper height for a girl to be. Molly was sobbing out something. He didn't care much what it was, but, half unconsciously, he heard how she happened to be there. When Needles had left her at her mother's apartment after the dance, she had stolen out again. She wanted to make sure that the apartment had not been a dream, that there was such a place where she and Bill had lingered a few months at the gates of paradise. She had heard some one open the door and had hidden in the closet. Through the crack she had seen Bill enter. The light from the street lamp had shown her the longing in his eyes, a longing that equalled her own, and she just couldn't let him leave.

A Year passed. Two young couples were walking through the park. Suddenly they met. Needles and Jazzbo stopped short as they recognized Bill and Molly. Needles threw out his chest with the same old boastful air as he pointed underneath the hood of the carriage he was wheeling.

"Some baby!" he exclaimed.

Bill stuck his fingers in his vest.

"Some babies," he grinned as he nodded with justified pride at the twins who were cooing contentedly on the silk pillows of his own self-starter.

Scenario School

(*Continued from page* 18)

reasons that the "I confess" and the "first person narrative" are not often chosen as the basis for film plays. The writer forgives in himself or herself faults that would not win sympathy or forgiveness from a spectator. And just another word from Mr. Cogan.

"No rule can be laid down to teach a writer how to win sympathy for his leads. It all depends upon what he makes them do. But incidents can be introduced to win the audience over to liking the characters and sympathizing with their actions."

And that's where that commonplace book that, of course, you are keeping, ought to be a great help.

Helping Hearts Club

(*Continued from page* 21)

the days in our hospitals or bravely trying to regain their places in the business world under some almost unsurmountable handicap.

Anyway, Trudie, I'm glad my pals are going to have an opportunity to meet you and I hope some day mother will mind the store long enough for you to jump across to see us. In the meantime, you can tell us many interesting things about your life and especially about your music halls. I wonder why that designation is so much more intriguing than our plain "theatre".

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Well, I finally am writing to you, too. I have read many of your letters and answers in Moving Picture Stories and letters in other correspondence clubs, too.

I've often noticed that all the letters say different things, all the writers are doing something different and like different things but, after all, they seem to be all alike. Maybe I'm crazy—I don't know.

I don't know much how to begin but I guess the next thing to do is to think up a name. H-m-m-m! Well, I guess I'll call myself Turquoise because some people do call me that because of a Turquoise ring I wear and have worn from my middle finger down. (Fingers will grow.)

My occupation is living, eating and sleeping in the summer and, oh, yes, climbing trees. Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But really, Miss Lee, I have a wonderfully, merry life. That's my theme song. Perhaps you know it?

I read in your answer to Weary's letter that you have seven dogs and seven cats! Well, it's the same with me, Rosemary Lee, although I'm afraid you are about six dogs and four cats ahead of me. But I have twelve gold fish, one bird and one brother. Perhaps that helps my score some, don't you suppose?

By the way, do you know "La Goledrina". I think that's a nice song to sing when you first get up. I always sing it out the window to my birdie (she is loose in the trees) and she answers me.

I would like to write to some one who is interested in nature and any one else who would like to be cheered up. It's not good for people to be unhappy.

Love to all your dogs and cats, dear Rosemary, from all my menagerie. (I'm being very careful to write on just one side of the paper you see).

Adios!

Turquoise.

First, my menagerie thanks your menagerie for the enclosed love. Second, the printer thanks you for using only one side of the paper. Third, I thank you for being such an adorably cute youngster. No, I don't know the song you mention. It's lovely down your part of the country, isn't it? My folks are old Long Islanders, too, from 'way, 'way back.

I appreciated your pet's picture at the bottom of the page. Since you read about the two sevens, little Junior went to his Blue Heaven. By the way, I think your real name just suits you and I'd love to hear that grandmother of yours pronounce it. I have a mental picture—if one is permitted to have pictures of sound—of just how she says it. You see, I had a grandmother once, in fact, two of them, at one time, and one of them remembered just how her grandmother talked, too, in the days when she came over from England.

My dear Miss Lee:

May I please join your dear club? I just know that you'll take me in. I just love to receive and write letters—especially from and to those I do not know. I have plenty of friends but, still and all, I want pen pals.

I'm a girl of sixteen years, five feet two and eyes of blue. Have dirty blond wavy hair. I'm a lover of all sports from ping-pong to football. I love to go places and do things—as most of this city does. I also have good times. I make it my business, too.

Miss Lee, I am enclosing a letter which I want you to forward on for me.

Thank you for all.

Blondee of New York.

P. S.—Say, pals, you all must

(*Continued on page* 27)

The Unholy Three

(*Continued from page* 14)

Rosie turned away to hide her tears. The poor kid actually believed the story, concocted for business reasons, that she was married to Hercules. Why, she couldn't stand the sight of him! And, as for Echo, who'd always been good to her, he was behaving very badly of late—so cruel and jealous of Hector. The thought of him reminded her that it was time to get back to the pet shop and hear how the Grenville job was coming along. Echo had promised her a new fur coat if it panned out well.

"We'd better be getting back to the store," she suggested. "Granny will be getting anxious about me. I'm sure she wouldn't want me to be here in your apartment alone with you."

"Why, I'm sure Mrs. O'Grady trusts me," Hector said, as he helped her on with her coat.

In the little hallway between the store and the back room, he tried to help Rosie off with her outer wraps and put his arms about her. This was too much for his self-control and, before either of them knew it, they were in an ardent embrace, their lips clinging together. From the dim back room Echo's sharp eyes saw the embrace, and a moment later Mrs. O'Grady's voice called:

"You come right in here, Rosie. You know how worried I get about you. And you'd better get home and get some rest, Hector. You've had a hard day—what with all the Christmas shoppers coming in at the last moment."

Reluctantly the boy let Rosie go and she slipped into the back room where Echo was waiting for her, his wig off, a cigarette between his lips and his mouth set in a grim line.

"What's the idea of messin' around with that punk?" he demanded.

"He's no punk," Rosie answered fiercely. "He's a regular gent."

"Well, listen, and get this straight, Rosie. After all that I've done for you—taught you to be a dip and everything—I want you to shoot straight with me. If you two-time me with this sap clerk, I'll blow his brains out and set the ape on you. Get it?"

"I get it", Rosie said softly, sinking into a chair.

"Why don't you leave the gal alone?" Miggles asked. "She's got a right to truck around with any guy she pleases. If I were Rosie, I'd up and leave you."

"You would, eh?" Echo shouted, stepping toward him with his fist clenched. Miggles instantly retreated to the protection of Hercules's arm. Echo disregarded this and followed him. Before he knew it, Hercules had seized him by the throat and was shutting off his wind with one mighty hand.

"You leave the midge alone, see?" he threatened, finally releasing his hold.

No sooner had Echo won freedom than he made a beeline toward the ape's cage in the corner and started undoing the latch.

"You will go around grabbing honest people by their throats, huh?" he asked as he started to open the door.

One hairy hand began to grope out of the cage. Hercules and Miggles did not wait to see any more of the ape. They knew what he would do. His hatred of Hercules was long-lived. He would make straight for the giant and kill him. They slipped hurriedly out of the back door and Echo grinned as he heard them start the car. They weren't taking any chances.

"That's how to treat those muckers," he told Rosie. "And you behave yourself or you'll get some of the same medicine."

AN hour later, Hector, his face beaming with pleasure, came over, bringing with him the Christmas tree as a surprise for Mrs. O'Grady and her grandchild. Echo had just time enough to slip into his wig before he came into the room. The clerk was visibly disappointed at not finding the baby at home.

"His father just took him out for a little ride in the car as a Christmas Eve treat," Mrs. O'Grady explained.

"But it's snowing outside," Hector remarked.

"Oh, we have him bundled up nice and warm," Rosie put in.

Hector stayed for about an hour and then took his departure, wondering to himself why neither Mrs. O'Grady's son-in-law nor her grandchild had returned from their ride. Echo also wondered where they could have gone. He found out by the morning papers on Christmas Day.

A CRIME of violence unparalleled in the city annals had occurred on Christmas Eve. The wealthy Mr. Grenville had been murdered and his head torn from his body. It was surmised that he had died in an attempt to forestall a robbery as a small safe in his library had been gutted. The commissioner, so the paper said, had been a friend of the dead man and he was determined that the fiendish crime should not go unpunished. Echo recognized the murder as Hercules's handiwork.

When Hercules and Miggles came to breakfast, Miggles riding triumphantly in the crook of the giant's arm, Echo, without a word, put a copy of the newspaper before them. They blanched as they read the account of their crime.

"So you thought you'd two-time me, eh?" Echo questioned. "Pass over those rubies. I want 'em all or I'll leave you flat. How do you think you're going to get away with this, Hercules?"

"You'll get us out of it all right," the giant returned confidently.

"Only if you pass over the rubies."

"Say, I thought we were going to split three ways on everything," Miggles whined, draining his coffee cup at a gulp.

"You weren't goin' to let me in on this if you hadn't killed Grenville. Now you come whinin' around, afraid to take your medicine."

"Aw, say——" Miggles started to protest.

Echo cut him short.

"You'll pass over those stones or I'll let you fight it out yourself with the coppers."

"All right," Miggles agreed grudgingly and motioned to Hercules to pass over the loot.

Echo thrust it into a little secret pocket under his skirt.

"Now, you three lay low and leave this to me. Hector delivered that parrot to the Grenville house and I'll see to it that he gets the blame for this," Echo said.

"But you can't do that," Rosie protested.

"The hell I can't. It's better that the sucker takes the rap for this job than we do. And you lay low, Rosie, or I'll fix it so that you'll go to the chair with him."

Rosie was about to continue her protests when a rap sounded on the door. Echo motioned them to their places, Rosie to the stove, Hercules to an armchair, where his huge bulk seemed less than it actually was, and Miggles to his crib.

Their caller was Regan, a plain-clothes policeman, who was well known in the neighborhood.

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Grady. A fine Christmas to you! Have you heard about that terrible thing at Grenville's?"

"I've just been readin' about it in the paper, Mr. Regan. It's awful. And I was there only yesterday, talkin' to him about the parrot he'd bought from me. He was so nice to the baby. Such a fine man!"

"That's what I've called about Mrs. O'Grady," Regan said in a business-like voice. Miggles and Hercules turned pale. "I was wondering if you might not have seen something suspicious when you were there. I think that Mr. Grenville's butler might have had something to do with it."

"No, I didn't see anything that you could call suspicious. There was a man there trying to sell Mr. Grenville some red beads when I was there and everything seemed peaceful-like."

"Them red beads is what led to Mr. Grenville's death, Mrs. O'Grady. They were rubies—worth about sixty thousand dollars."

"You don't say! They seemed just like red glass beads to me!" she exclaimed.

"Did you deliver that parrot, yourself, Mrs. O'Grady?" Regan asked.

"Oh, no. I think the clerk, Hector McDonald, might have delivered it. I'll look it up for you in the record." She fussed through some papers for a moment and finally pulled out a paid bill. "Yes, Hector delivered it. But he's such a nice boy. He couldn't have had anything to do with this."

"Where does he live?" Regan questioned, his mind busy with a new clue. Mrs. O'Grady told him the young man's address. "I think I'll drop around and see what he's got to say for himself," Regan decided, taking his leave.

"Oh, Hector couldn't have done anything wrong," Mrs. O'Grady said, just a shade too strongly.

"Them's just the kind that do the worst things," Regan answered with a wise nod of his thick head.

Hardly had he stepped into the snowy street when Echo pulled the jewels from under his skirt.

"Here," he said quickly to Hercules, "you get into the car and go as fast as you can to Hector's place. Stick these under his pillow. There's a fire escape outside his window and you can reach in and plant them before Regan gets there. That dummy, Hector, will be so scared when Regan talks to him that he'll put his foot into it as sure as I'm standin' here, and then the bull will search the place."

Hercules scurried out to execute Echo's errand as fast as his vast bulk would let him. The ventriloquist had foreseen things just as they would happen. Hector, nervous and unaccustomed to the police, spoke so slowly and badly in his own defense that Regan assumed that he was guilty and searched the room, discovering the jewels under the young man's pillow.

"Where were you Christmas Eve?" he demanded, seizing him by the shoulder and dangling the necklace before the boy's startled eyes.

"I was at Mrs. O'Grady's. I took over a Christmas tree as a surprise."

"Come along then. We'll see if that's right or not. Mrs. O'Grady would remember."

"Sure! Just ask her!"

"Fine! We'll go and ask her," Regan said, snapping a pair of handcuffs onto his prisoner's thin wrists.

THE sudden disappearance of Mrs. O'Grady and her family was laid to Hector's door, as well as the murder of Grenville. The District Attorney, eager for political honors, decided to make the young clerk an example to other amateur robbers and a fine case was made out against him. The newspapers, in the light of the sensational character of the crime, played it up big.

Rosie, an unwilling captive in the mountains, read about the approaching trial and realized that Hector was doomed. The hopelessness of his case made her desperate and she argued unceasingly with Echo to don his O'Grady costume and go to the boy's rescue. She reasoned that one witness who could prove that the boy had been with her all Christmas Eve would be enough to save him, despite the circumstantial evidence that the District Attorney marshalled against him.

Echo, however, was adamant in his refusal to do this. Finally the girl hit upon an argument that shook him out of his lethargy.

"Echo," she said to him one day very seriously, "I don't love you. I couldn't love you after what you've done to that boy, but if you'll save him I promise that I'll love you and you only. I'll never even ask to see him again."

That very afternoon he put on his woman's costume and caught the train for the city. Making his way to the court where Hector was on trial, he scribbled a note on a piece of paper and slipped it to the defending lawyer. A few moments later he was on the stand, testifying in Hector's behalf. Everything went well until the prosecutor, trying to refute Mrs. O'Grady's testimony on the ground that her eyes were poor, requested Echo to remove his square-rimmed spectacles. In complying, Echo, jarred his wig and it slipped to one side revealing the brown hair underneath. Everything was up! Determined to go through with it, he made a full confession, telling of the racket by which he and his two companions had made their living and testifying that it was Hercules and Miggles who had murdered Grenville. Then, to satisfy them that his testimony was correct, he told them of the hiding place in the mountains.

WHEN the police arrived at the place, a summer cottage on the shore of a mountain lake, they found the result of a gruesome tragedy. Miggles, Hercules and the great ape were dead. Beside their bodies, Rosie lay in a dead faint.

To punish Echo for his part in the murder, he was sentenced to five years at Auburn. As he left the courtroom after his sentence had been pronounced, Rosie went up to him and flung her arms about his neck.

"I will wait for you," she said.

"Don't kid me—dames ain't like that," Echo said bitterly, disengaging himself from her embrace.

THREE years later Echo was paroled for good behavior and resumed his work in a museum of freaks. It was there that Rosie found him and reminded him of her promise. She was still willing to fulfill her part of the bargain, but Echo, who had learned tenderness and the meaning of true love, sent her to Hector.

As soon as Rosie could get to Hector there was a joyous reunion. And the girl who had suffered so many hard knocks at the hand of life had no longer any reason for posing as a wife. The little band on her left finger, inexpensive as it was, was real—put there in the way she had dreamed of since her early girlhood.

Helping Hearts Club

(*Continued from page* 25)

write to me. I'd like to hear from Dimples B. of Brooklyn and Jamie. Please write.

Write to the pals you mention, Blondee. I know they'll be glad to hear from you.

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Dear Miss Lee:

I have today purchased my first M. P. S. and enjoyed it very much. This is the first time I have tried to obtain friends in this manner. I am anxiously waiting the results.

I am five feet two, with black hair and eyes, weigh about 107 and am considered a very good sport.

Though I have plenty of friends, we very seldom communicate and I sure do love to receive and answer letters.

Here's hoping I become a member of this fine club! I am

Renee Lee.

P. S.—I would like to exchange snapshots with my pen pals.

Another Lee! What a family it is!

Darlingest Rosemary:

Never, never, never have I found such a wonderfully human department in any magazine as your Helping Hearts Club!

Oh, Rosemary, if only you could read those kind words of yours in the same light as we who are unknown to you do, you would know that they go straight to the heart and they strike true. No silly twaddle here! There is never enough for me. I could read through in an hour a book six inches thick if it was full of pals' letters—and your gay little personal answers under each one!

I'm a stenographer with lots of spare time on my hands and I use it to read, read, read everything and anything. Rosemary, since I graduated from high two years ago, I think I have learned more through reading miscellaneous books, magazines, pamphlets, etc., than I derived from most of my high school courses. My work brings me many glimpses into different things, too. I'm a stenographer in our local Chamber of Commerce. It's not an active organization at this time, but I am always meeting new people and hearing new things and learning.

Rosemary, please don't think I'm foolish when I say I write poetry. I love all poems and especially those by my contemporaries. I know I am being impertinent when I say "my," but I really mean those poems that I read in magazines and books of verse that are coming out now. None of my poems has ever been published, simply because I have never had courage enough to send them to editors. And, anyhow, the rest of the family laugh at my efforts and I'm very sensitive about letting people see anything I have written.

I would like to tell you more about myself. I'm eighteen years old, a brunette with naturally curly hair and I have plenty of freckles. Gee, but it's hard to keep them off your skin when you love to swim and dive and be outside in the summer! I'm tall and too thin for my height, but do I mind? Not at all! I would much rather be thin than have to worry constantly about getting fat and getting rid of it.

My dream is hazy but still, whenever I am in the right mood, it appears before me in all its glory. Some day I shall have a house built just as I wish, fairly large and most likely of Spanish type. It will be low and rambling, with a lovely sunroom and terraces and arbors and tile bathrooms, a sweet shining kitchen and a livable living-room. There will be a room lined with books and window seats and reading lamps in it. Oh, everything that is cozy and comfortable and beautiful! Perhaps there will be a man. Who knows? It's hard for a girl with freckles and a love of swimming to find a man who can see beneath the freckles and tan into a heart that can be true and loving! Do I sound too sentimental? Then I will stop, for, after all, there are many years before me yet and I can fill them just as I want if I try hard enough. Isn't that so?

Rosemary, may you always be there to carry on your wonderful work and I wish you all the happiness in the world and everthing you desire.

Sincerely,

Texas Slim.

What a girl you are! I wish you hadn't asked me not to publish your letter in its entirety. It is so wonderful! Still, the paragraphs you marked to be published give us a delightful glimpse of that soul of yours. Yes, it seems to me that a man does fit into that house you have painted, a man and perhaps some tiny Texas Slims. And don't you think for one moment that the right kind of man won't see beneath the tan and the freckles to the real you. Of course, you can fill the years as you want them and knowing that you can is the biggest part of it. And I like the tan and the freckles—and the slimness that shows activity, mental and physical. You're right. When you have to watch the pounds—well, you just have to. Take it from one who knows. And, if only the pounds would settle in the right places! Again, take it from one who knows.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

Having just read about your wonderful club, I wonder if you still have room for one more member. You see, Miss Lee, we don't have clubs like this here in London and I just love corresponding, so, if your pen pals would like to write me, I should love answering. Could you tell me how to get the M. P. S. earlier than we do because they are rather late when they arrive here and I do love to keep up with the times?

Now about myself. I am twenty-one years old, have light brown hair (that wants to wave but can't) and blue eyes and am five feet, three and a half inches in height.

Now, please, readers, is there anybody who would care to write to

A Lonely Eastern Girl?

Sure there are—many anybodys! The only way I know of to secure the magazine earlier is to subscribe directly for it. Address and subscription rates are on page three of this issue.

Dear Miss Lee:

I have just finished reading my first copy of *Moving Picture Stories* and I became so interested in your club that I wrote as soon as I had the opportunity. May I please become a member?

I am eighteen years old and have black hair and black eyes. I am five feet, three inches tall and weigh 118 pounds. I love to dance and enjoy all kinds of sports.

I am a stenographer and spend most of my leisure time going to the movies. I'm just crazy about movies. I worked in a moving picture theatre for two years, as ticket-seller.

I would just love to hear from everyone in the club and hope I shall. I hope that Bill, the radio operator, reads this and writes to me as his letter made me feel that I would like to become acquainted with him.

Hoping to receive at least one letter soon, I remain

Just Ann from Pa.

P. S.—I would like very much to exchange snapshots with anyone who cares to. I like to see whom I'm writing to.

Then you will be tickled when television becomes the order of the day. Personally, I'm not sure that it will be for the greatest good of the greatest number. But we must progress—no matter how much it hurts.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

I would like to join your Helping Hearts Club. I am twenty years of age, five feet six inches tall, weigh 134 pounds, have light hair and blue eyes.

I am very fond of sports such as football, basketball, skating and tennis, but my greatest hobby is music.

I would like a letter from anybody who will write. I promise to answer all letters promptly. Wishing you every success and hoping that I shall be able to enter your club,

Yours very truly,

Tippy from Minnesota.

Goodness, but I'm smart. I bet your Big Chief is the only one who knows that Tippy is a boy. How do I know? That's telling.

Dear Miss Lee:

I know you'll be sweet enough to make room for me in your club.

I have many local friends but really I'm just sick of this fast living and so I thought I'd try writing if some one will write to me.

I'm nineteen, blonde, hazel eyes, five feet two inches tall and I weigh 107 pounds, so you see I'm not very large, up and down or sideways. I dance, swim, drive and I have cups for basket ball and other gymnastics.

I promise to exchange snaps with any one, regardless of sex, shape or color, South, East or West.

Well, Miss Lee, I guess that's plenty, so here's hoping for a lot of replies and wishing your club the best of success.

I am,

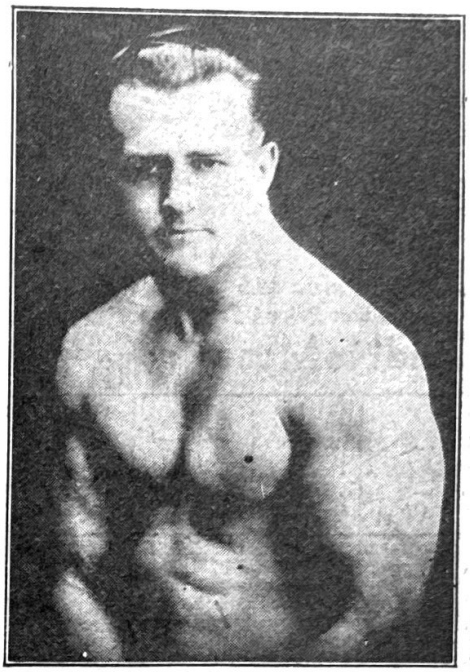
Waiting of Wisconsin.

What a pretty name you have! I take it your forbears wooed and won their lady loves in the sunny land of my favorite, Maurice Chevalier.

Dear Rosemary Lee:

May I come in? This is the first time that I have read *Moving Picture Stories* and your delightful column. I certainly think it is great. While reading the different letters of the members, I tried to picture each one individually. What a surprise they would get should I suddenly decide to describe them in word pictures!

I am twenty-one years old, have light hair, brown eyes and am about five feet, four inches. I am of Jewish faith. I am fond of dancing, love to read books and enjoy a good time with the right crowd.



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In 30 days I can do you over so that she will hardly know you. I'll put a whole inch of solid muscle on each arm in 30 days, and two whole inches of rippling strength across your chest. I've done it for over a hundred thousand others, and I can do it for you. I don't care how weak and puny you are. I like to get them weak and puny, because it's the hopeless cases that I work with best. It gives me a lot of real joy just to see them develop and the surprised look in their eyes when they step before the mirror at the end of 30 days and see what a miracle I have worked.

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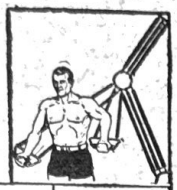

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I am a stenographer. I should say I possibly may have inherited Blackie of Jersey's habit, but am trying very hard to break that habit. Once in a while I get the feeling to draw and so newspapers and telephone books have to suffer. Drawing was my weakness at school.

This is the first time that I ever attempted writing to a column and so feel a bit out of place. I wonder how you and the members will like my letter. I like to correspond as I have been doing it for a few years.

My one ambition is to travel, both in this country and abroad. It seems I always dream about it.

We would like very much to hear from the other members, especially Blackie of Jersey, Dimples of Milwaukee, Señorita Carita and all the others, even the opposite sex.

I am looking forward to the publication of this letter and answers to it.

Prim Rose.

That "Prim Rose" is very sweet, especially when applied to one from your part of the country. And how about The Lone Wolf?" That's a secret between us two, isn't it, Rose? But the pals who write to you will soon share it. Now just wait until all those curious folks begin to get busy to find out what we are talking about.

My dear Miss Lee:

What fun to receive letters from strangers in all of the many states! I'd like very much to correspond with your club members—and be a member, too, so won't you please introduce me?

I am a young girl, with blue eyes, brown, shoulder-length curls, fair skin and musical fingers that pound keys (both piano and typewriter). I am eighteen years of age, of medium height and light weight.

I love adventures and consider this as one. Wonder what will be the outcome of this!

I sincerely hope I'll hear from you.

Alice in Wonderland.

Trouble is, Alice, that the strangers won't be strangers long. After the first letter, they'll be friends. But you won't mind that, will you? Then the ten musical fingers of Alice in Wonderland can begin to pound the keys some more—the typewriter keys.

Dear Miss Lee:

I have been reading your Helping Hearts Club for quite a while but

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have never before had courage to write. I believe I heard you would rather receive letters typewritten, so, though I am not a very good typist, I hope it is all right.

Here is my description. (I hope I am not too young.)

I am nearly fourteen, have dark brown hair, gray eyes, am four feet eleven inches in height, weigh ninety-nine and one-half pounds. I am an ardent movie fan. I would love to correspond with some movie fans. Are there any in your club of any age or sex? I would also like to correspond with other pen pals.

I am very lonesome as I lived in the South until a little while ago and moving from down South to up North is quite a jump. The climate and the people, even, seem so different. So please help me, Miss Rosemary Lee—isn't that a nice name?—and get me some pen pals if possible.

Yours lonesomely but hopefully,
Brownie of Michigan.

P.S.:—I will also exchange photos if you like.

I can understand your loneliness, Brownie, in leaving the South and coming up here. The people do seem different. You see, in my stage days, I traveled through your part of the country and I noticed the difference. It was a delightful experience for me as my buddy in the company was a girl from Richmond, Virginia, and I had an opportunity to know Southern hospitality at first hand. Now I think I have an idea for the pals. I know many of you have come here from below the Mason-Dixon line. Wouldn't it be nice to cheer things up a bit for this little Southern flower?

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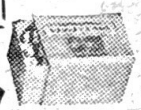

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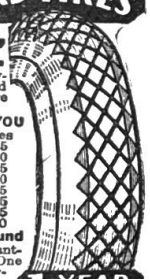

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Dear Miss Lee:

May I join your club? I am sixteen years old, have brown curly hair and brown eyes. I am five feet three inches tall and weigh about 120 pounds.

My favorite pastimes are swimming, dancing and reading.

I have read three copies of M. P. S. and am very much interested in the Helping Hearts Club. Won't some nice boy or girl write to me?

My friends call me Princess and so I remain

Princess of New Rochelle.

That's a pretty pen name.

Dear Miss Lee:

Here comes a Tennessean knocking—but only knocking for permission to enter your club. I have tried about everything from farming to editorial-writing and, being a jack of all trades, I'm master of none. A fellow who gets a steady job makes lots of friends for life, but the guy jumping from one thing to another usually changes friends with jobs. I'd like a few pen-pals of both sexes, especially those interested in writing for either newspapers or magazines, fact or fiction, poetry or prose. I will answer all letters or bust a gallus trying, and will exchange photos. Am twenty-seven, (boy), five feet six inches, brunette, slim. Now shoot!

Tennessee Monkey.

But the "jumping guy" has a good chance to see life, eh, what, Tennessee Monkey?

S'long, folks! Rosemary Lee signing off! Will see you on the air Sundays at 1:30, Station WLTH, Ellen and Roger series; Mondays, 10:30 A. M. Station WSGH, Rosemary Lee's Dog Lovers.

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(1) Address all letters to Rosemary Lee, Suite 1117, 1478 Broadway, New York City.

(2) Write on one side of the paper only but write as much as you desire.

(3) Stamp letters to be forwarded, and address them in lead pencil across the back with pen names of pals. Enclose these in envelope addressed to Rosemary Lee.

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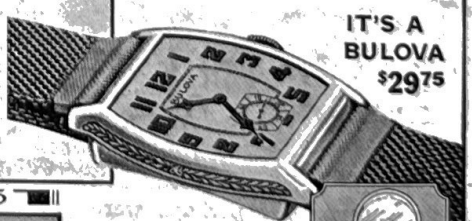

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